December, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review

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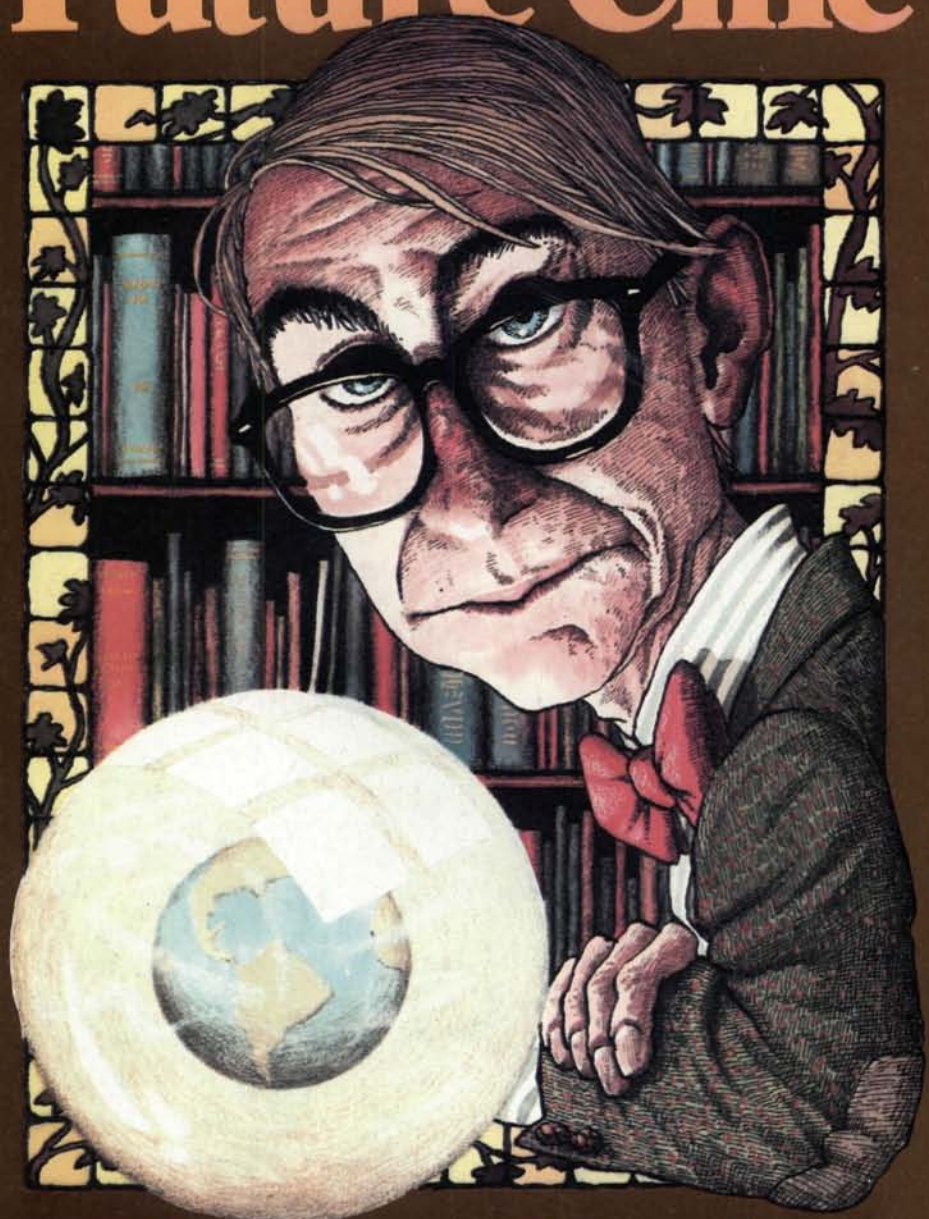

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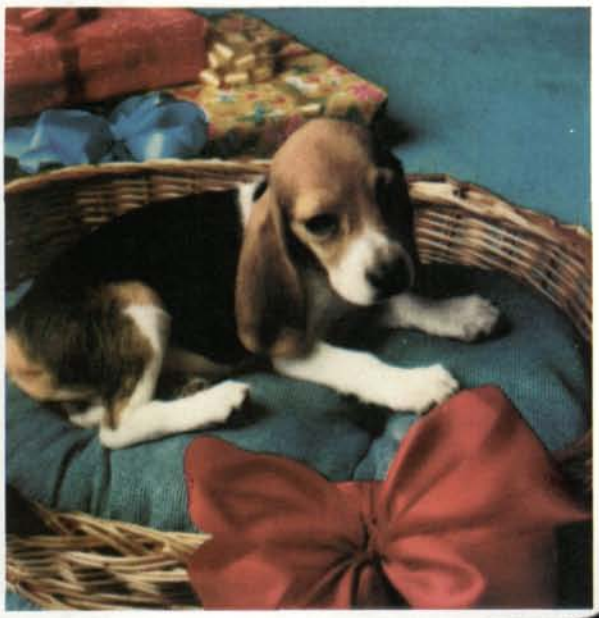

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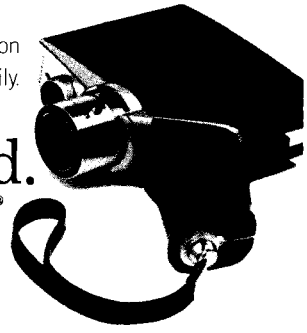

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Who's the public in "public interest" politics?

Labels have become so influential in American social and political affairs that it is long past time for an examination of the "public interest" label blithely attached by many groups to their own activities. What exactly is meant when the media report that a lawsuit has been commenced or a demonstration mounted by an organization described as a "public interest" lobby or "public interest" group? Most such groups don't represent any broader interest than that of their own members—and most of them don't have all that many members. Some have no members at all, merely a board of directors and a source of funds. They grind a private ax—and claim that it really belongs to all of us.

Consider, for instance, the four-year delay in construction of the Alaska oil pipeline as the result of litigation brought by so-called "public interest" and environmental groups. We wondered, at the time, why the media had granted the public interest label to the litigants. There was then, and is, little evidence that the American public supported the lengthy delay. The majority of citizens in Alaska were anxious to have the pipeline and its attendant economic benefits; their elected representatives were doing everything possible to hasten, not hinder, the pipeline. The public in the lower 48 states was interested in seeing Alaska's oil developed and made available to increase domestic supply; its elected representatives—the incumbent administration—favored rapid construction of the pipeline. Labor interests looked forward to jobs, both ashore and in the maritime trades; consumer interests favored an expanded supply of crude oil and natural gas. Those who succeeded in blocking construction of the pipeline for four years were hardly representative, in their suit, of the public interest—if by that is meant the broad interests of the majority of the American people. They represented an extremely selective special interest, principally college-educated, middle-class advocates of untouched, untouchable wilderness. While they have every right to such advocacy, they have not the slightest right to the "public interest" label for it.

It is usually these "public interest" groups who decry the influence of "special interests" in American politics. By that they mean labor, with all its millions of members; they mean the oil companies, with their tens of millions of shareholders; they mean the automobile industry, probably the primary force in the American economy; they mean American business in general and as a whole, even though it generally speaks for a far larger constituency than any that might be demonstrated by a "public interest" lobby.

We are delighted that the media seem to be growing more aware that the interests advanced by many of the public interest lobbies are actually "special" interests—limited interests, often held by extremely small groups who are in obvious disagreement with the American majority. Some are "no-growth" or even negative growth advocates, repelled by the American lifestyle; many dislike the market economy, and the unruly freedom it entails; others want to bring business firmly under government's thumb. While most Americans are committed to improving the environment, it has not been our observation they are committed to doing so regardless of the costs in inflation, loss of jobs and productivity, growing bureaucracies, and a decline in living standards. Unlike the extremists among America's environmentalists, most people recognize the need for a reasonable balance between environmental and economic goals. After all, if the country should not develop nuclear power, and if coal is too dirty, and if offshore oil development is too dangerous, and synthetic fuel development too hard on the environment, what shall we use to power the nation's economy? Red tape?

We welcome this new skepticism about the "public interest" label, and about who is really entitled to it. We think the media should be especially careful about granting it to small groups who are—on the record—anti-growth, anti-business, anti-energy, and dedicated to an elitist, big-government view of America. That's a very small, very special interest, a long way removed from the goals and ideals of the American people.

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Harboring Haitians

Your article on the so-called "boat people" from Haiti, "Refugees Adrift: Barred From America's Shores" [October 27], was obviously written from a viewpoint of sympathy for their alleged cause. The problem of illegal immigration is an increasingly serious one and must be looked at from other angles than that of sympathy for the aliens' poverty.

Patricia Harris, Secretary of HEW, was quoted recently as saying that there are 25 million people living in poverty here in the U.S. The estimated unemployment rate for young blacks and other minorities is 40 percent; there are already millions of illegal aliens in the U.S. taking the jobs which should be going to these young Americans and to our other poor.

If we were foolish enough to attempt to take in all of the people who would like to come to this country, there would be a full-scale invasion of the U.S. We should require conclusive documentation of any claims of "political refuge," since aliens pick up such catchphrases very quickly and liberal lawyers are willing to teach them how to use them. We cannot take care of the entire world; the INS is doing exactly what most Americans want them to do, and they deserve our deepest thanks.

S.R. Richardson
El Paso, Texas

In "Refugees Adrift: Barred From America's Shores," a State Department official makes a statement concerning Haiti's oppressive government but questions whether we can take in everyone who is living under oppressive regimes. Yes, we can and we must. How can we possibly live with ourselves when we turn our backs on the tragic plight of other humans? I am encouraged by the increasing media attention given to the Haitian refugee problem and hope that something will be done soon before more of them die.

Mary Davis
Valencia, California

Nuclear Monsters

A recent editorial by Norman Cousins, "Q & A That Raises More Q's Than A's" [September 29], points up the dangers of our present use of nuclear energy, not only in weaponry, but for peaceful purposes as well.

One omission, however, was an allusion to the effect of radioactivity on the chromosomes of living matter. I think Cousins should have spelled it out in all its horror: The genetic patterns can be so changed by the proximity of radioactive matter in the air, water, soil, and food that human monsters might result. We do not really know what constitutes a *safe* level of radioactivity in the atmosphere. Is the use of nuclear power worth the risk to future generations?

Jean H. Lovejoy
San Rafael, California

A Clear Retort

Thomas H. Middleton's article, "The Reign of Accents" [October 13], is a clear and uncompromising answer to the irrational and inconsistent position of Mr. James Baldwin who defends teaching "black English" in schools.

Is Mr. Baldwin, the respected and able writer, trying to say from his lofty eminence that it is quite right that *he* should be a master of the "standard English" language while we teach "black English" to unfortunate pupils who have never heard anything else in their homes or on the street? We would thus keep them in the stifling atmosphere of ignorance all their lives.

Charles H. West
Cupertino, California

Admonishments from West Berlin

It's really too bad Anthony Burgess allowed his usually sensitive reporting in "Notes From the Blue Coast" to degenerate into a tantrum over his East Berlin experience [September 15]. The idea of a guard shouting "you lie" went out with blue suede shoes, and it should not surprise Mr. Burgess that German guards do indeed speak German, just as U.S. customs officials speak English. Grabbing a drink at a sidewalk stand? I've done it in East Berlin, but never could in the U.S.; and in England, you could die of thirst waiting for drinking hours.

So what's Mr. Burgess trying to

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prove—that East Berlin isn't Acapulco? We know that. It's a sad place, and a sad situation.

Judith Reiffel
West Berlin, Germany

Literary Tourist Havens

I enjoyed Daniel Madden's informative article, "The Bookworm Who Wiggled in From the Cold" [October 13], on Europe's research libraries as tourist sites. Why not a similar piece on America's libraries? There is much for the tourist to see in such centers as the Folger (Washington), Huntington (San Marino, California), Newberry (Chicago), Morgan (New York City), and our institution, the nation's first historical society (1791).

Louis L. Tucker
Director
Massachusetts Historical Society
Boston, Massachusetts

I want to thank you for Daniel Madden's article and most particularly for the picture of Trinity College Library, Dublin.

Several years ago, on a walking tour of Dublin, when we found ourselves on the Trinity College campus, we opened the door of the library, to be assailed by sensations of awe and majesty for which we had not been prepared by the libraries in the U.S.

Josephine C. Fox
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Parliamentary Procedures

David Cross's feature, "Europe United: Could the Dream Come True?" [October 13], a fascinating article, nevertheless contained one flaw: the statement that the new speaker of the European Parliament "liberalized her country's antiquated anti-abortion laws." Call me an anti-abortion rhetorician if you like, but it distresses me to see that respect for life has joined Depression glassware and Teddy Roosevelt-for-President buttons on the shelf of outdated institutions.

Mike Henderson
Benwood, West Virginia

Is Congress Accountable?

I'm sure the senator from West Virginia would never admit it publicly, but if, as Robert Kaiser says in "Son of Liberalism" [October 27], "fear for the fate of the Gang of 24" was the primary consideration of Robert Byrd in striving to make this the tamest and most forgettable Senate session in modern times, then he and the others in that motley crew ought to be bumped out on their behinds by the voters.

It's about time the 100 Club and hundreds of other congressmen beneath the Capitol dome started giving more of a damn about the good of the country than their political well-being.

Tom Mahoney
Herndon, Virginia

Saturday Review Readers Poll No. 2

Immigration quotas—and policies—have become a matter of increasing public concern in recent years. The crisis of the so-called Boat People from Vietnam has accelerated debate on immigration, particularly since the United States is accepting more Indochinese refugees than all other nations combined. The following questions give you a chance to air your views.

1. The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor bears this inscription:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Do you think these words still express the basic sentiment of the country toward immigrants?

Yes, definitely ☐ 1
To some extent ☐ 2
Not very well ☐ 3
Not at all ☐ 4
Not sure ☐ 5 6

2. Present immigration rates of about half a million a year are the highest since 1924; what adjustment, if any, do you think should be made in the years ahead?

Increase the rate considerably ☐ 1
Increase it slightly ☐ 2
Let it stay the same ☐ 3
Decrease the rate slightly ☐ 4
Decrease it considerably ☐ 5
Not sure ☐ 6 7

3. Should an exception be made for the Boat People?

Yes ☐ 1 No ☐ 2 Not sure ☐ 3 8

4. The U.S. is presently admitting 14,000 Vietnamese refugees a month. How do you think these people will fit into our economy? (Check all that apply)

They will be good, hard workers ☐ 9
They will take jobs away from American citizens ☐ 10
They will probably end up on welfare ☐ 11
It's too soon to tell ☐ 12
Not sure ☐ 13

5. How do you feel about each of the following statements:

	Definitely Agree	Tend to Agree	Tend to Disagree	Definitely Disagree	Not Sure	
Immigrants work harder than their native-born American counterparts	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	14
Immigrants bring valuable scientific and artistic talent to this country	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	15
Immigrants are needed since they are willing to work as low-paid maids, janitors, field-hands—work which few Americans will do these days	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	16
Immigrants impose a burden on the taxpaying American public	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	17
Taking in more refugees will reduce the quality of life nationwide	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	18
"I would rather see the Boat People drown at sea than allow any more refugees into this country."	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	19

6. Which of the following types of refugees do you think should be admitted to the U.S.? (Please rank them 1 through 5, with 1 signifying top priority.)

Anyone seeking a better life ☐ 20
Victims of political oppression ☐ 21
Those eager to escape for other social reasons ☐ 22
The sick or the starving ☐ 23
Those unemployed in their native country ☐ 24

7. Do you think Americans will have to make sacrifices in order to accommodate more refugees?

Yes ☐ 1 Maybe ☐ 2 No ☐ 3 Not sure ☐ 4 25

8. Do you think Americans are willing to make such sacrifices?

Yes ☐ 1 Maybe ☐ 2 No ☐ 3 Not sure ☐ 4 26

9. Please indicate the latest member of your family to come to America (check only one)

I myself am an immigrant ☐ 1
One or both of my parents were immigrants ☐ 2
One or more of my grandparents were immigrants ☐ 3
A great-grandparent or earlier ☐ 4
Not sure ☐ 5 27

This is the second of a series of polls *Saturday Review* will conduct to find out how you, our readers, feel about the important issues and events of the day. We encourage you to participate by filling out this questionnaire and mailing it to: ***Saturday Review* Readers Poll No. 2, Research and Forecasts, Inc., 110 East 59 Street, New York, New York 10022.** It must be received by December 18, so we can tabulate your answers, analyze them, and give you the results in our March 15 issue. **(Prepared in cooperation with Research and Forecasts, Inc.)**

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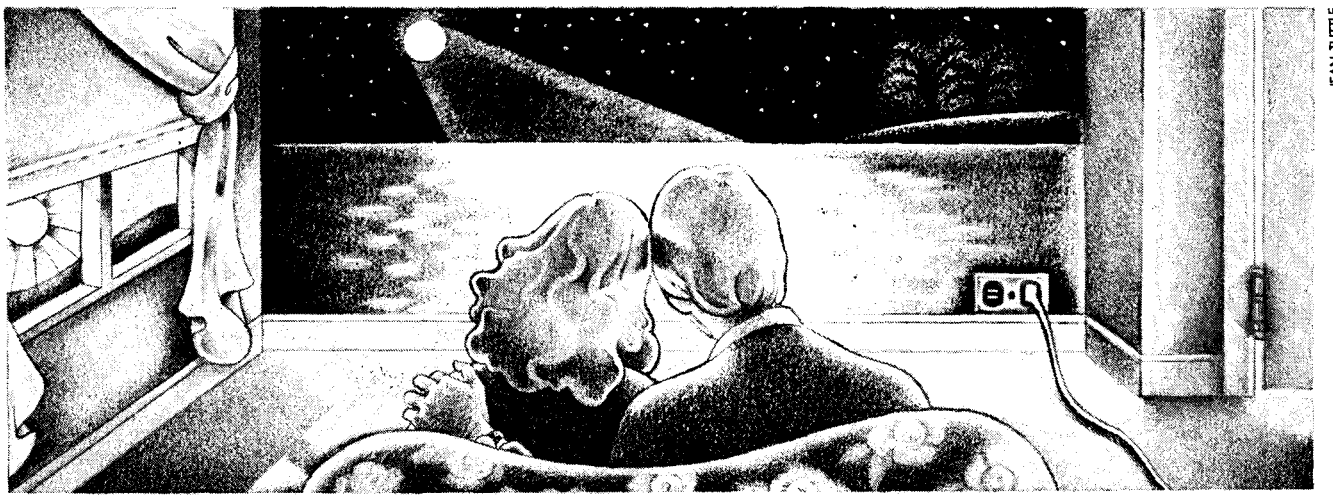

JEAN TUTTLE

Home Movies You're Sure to Love

The conjunction of technological means of enchantment with sheer human laziness has spawned a vast industry of electronic soporifics and stimulators for the home. One of the most recent additions to this wholesale assault on the sense organs is Video Wallpaper, a form of home movie that permits the viewer to imagine himself in the soothing shadow of a waterfall as he sits in his very own living room.

The manufacturer of Video Wallpaper, Nebulae Productions, has produced 14 half-hour "live stills" with such tranquilizing titles as "Thoughts by the Ocean" and "Clouds of Peace," to be used for "all intimate and social situations, including romance" (necking at the end of a moonlit avenue while sitting in your Barcalounger?).

Video Wallpaper may make you not only happier, but also healthier. Two hospitals, in Lynn, Massachusetts, and Roslyn, New York, have begun testing it as a therapeutic aid for psychological and psychosomatic disorders.

Doctors at both hospitals report that sitting before a blue sky and gauzy clouds may have such an anesthetic effect on some patients that their drug dosage can be lessened. Of course, a couple of sitcoms might have the same effect.

A Plague of Consultants

That growing legion of people eager to believe the worst about the federal bureaucracy will be heartened to hear that the government has surrendered in its effort to catalogue the number, function, or value of the myriad consultants it employs. After hearing testimony from four experts on and exploiters of the government's largesse with its contractors, Senator David Pryor (D-Ark.) concluded that "we still do not know how many consultants the government uses, how much they are paid, or what benefit the government derives from their particular services."

One witness, John Hanrahan, who studied consultants for the American Federation of Government Employees, recited for Pryor's subcommittee on Civil Service and Government Services a lengthy list of horror stories. One concerned a consultant who was paid $1,500 by the Housing and Urban Development Department to stuff one grant application form into one envelope. Another witness, Washington attorney David Guttman, spoke of the uncounted thousands of Department of Energy consultants who perform the daily research work of the department; he referred to them as a permanent "contract bureaucracy," usurping the function of the department itself.

Can anyone ever survey these masses? President Carter directed the Office of Management and Budget to do so in 1977; but its report, issued after two years, is widely discounted. Even if all the consultants were somehow counted, and even evaluated, dislodging them from their entrenched positions would prove a formidable task. "The problem is just overwhelming," says an aide to Pryor. "It'll be a long time before we're able to do anything serious about it."

A Censor Censured

Candor does not go over well in South Africa. That country's chief censor, Judge J.H. Snyman, was told in October to "take a long leave" until the expiration of his term. And what for? For telling it like it is, apparently.

Earlier this year, Judge Snyman said, "Every South African cannot go out and buy every new book and read it to decide if he will like it. Now we have a body that can do it for him. We study the book and tell him if he will like it or not."

"Afrikaans writers are not being suppressed," he added. "Very few of them really produce anything."

Submissions

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EDITORIAL

Unwed Mothers in America

THE GRIMMEST statistics of 1979 have nothing to do with inflation or even the cost of the arms race. Nothing about the year now ending deserves greater concern and scrutiny than the fact that almost a million babies were born to unwed women. Equally startling and disturbing is a statistic showing that about 600,000 teenagers become mothers each year. Of these, more than 10,000 are 14 years of age or younger.

The problem is compounded when many of the unwed mothers, especially the teenagers, go on to have additional children. One of the reasons behind that decision is that the mothers cannot support themselves and are attracted to the added welfare payments given for each family member.

Inevitably, the immediate question raised by these developments concerns the economic cost. The Population Resource Center has estimated that the bill for the first 10 years of life of each child born to a teenager will be $18,710. This translates into more than $8 billion for the entire group. If these figures are projected to all the children born of unwed and economically dependent mothers during the next 20 years, assuming the total number of babies each year is no greater than it is now, the eventual cost could be in excess of $100 billion. Inflation could add another $20 billion to the total expenditure.

But the economic cost, catastrophic though it is, may actually be the minor part of the problem. Far more serious is the social, moral, and psychological impact on life in America. What happens to a nation when the family ceases to exist as the central and stabilizing unit of society? Underlining and magnifying this problem is the current divorce rate, now approaching 40 percent.

In this light, there is something almost bizarre about the preoccupation of the American people with military security from external sources. A bomb has already fallen on America. The shattering effect is reaching into every aspect and corner of our lives. It doesn't take much imagination to visualize the disfiguration of a society when a large percentage of the population requires government support. Moreover, government is being forced not just to assume the financial burden but to provide the kind of care that in many cases is beyond the capacity of many mothers. Doctors report that a horrendously high number of teenage mothers are emotionally and intellectually incapable of bringing up their children. The same failure applies to many older women. Social-welfare agencies are therefore confronted with the need to fill the roles of both mother and father on a day-to-day basis. The pressure on schools and particularly on teachers is correspondingly great.

How did we come to this point?

It will be said that the decline of religion in American life in the past 20 or 30 years may account for a large part of the problem. Yet many unwed mothers identify themselves as members of religious denominations. Nor do all the girls come from broken homes. What we are dealing with here is a complex equation involving many factors, not all of them readily identifiable. Certainly it is true that moral and social restraints no longer have a presiding presence in American life. Marriage is no longer universally considered an indispensable or even desirable condition of a full and ongoing relationship between the sexes. Explicit love scenes between young people—or people of any age, for that matter—are commonplace in almost every form of entertainment, especially in film and print. Unfortunately, no one has yet figured out a way to control pornography without touching off perhaps even greater problems in government thought control; but it is absurd to contend that the kind of exploitation of sex that now abounds in society does not produce desensitization and casualness about the prime elements of life. It is similarly irresponsible to contend that there is no connection between the saturating violence in the entertainment media and the lack of respect for human emotions and for life in general.

One of the dangers in the present situation is that if it continues unchecked, a demand will go up for the sterilization of unwed mothers with more than one child—with their consent if possible but without their consent if necessary. Before the problem deteriorates to that level, it would be useful if a presidential commission could examine every aspect of the question and its long-term implications. Such a study should look into all the interacting factors of home background, housing, community experience, quality of education, church influence, economic conditions, and so forth. A report by itself would not solve the problem, but it might succeed at least in getting the issue into the American consciousness and putting it at the top of the national agenda, where it belongs.

—N.C.

"Why didn't you guys tell me you were getting expensive gifts.?"

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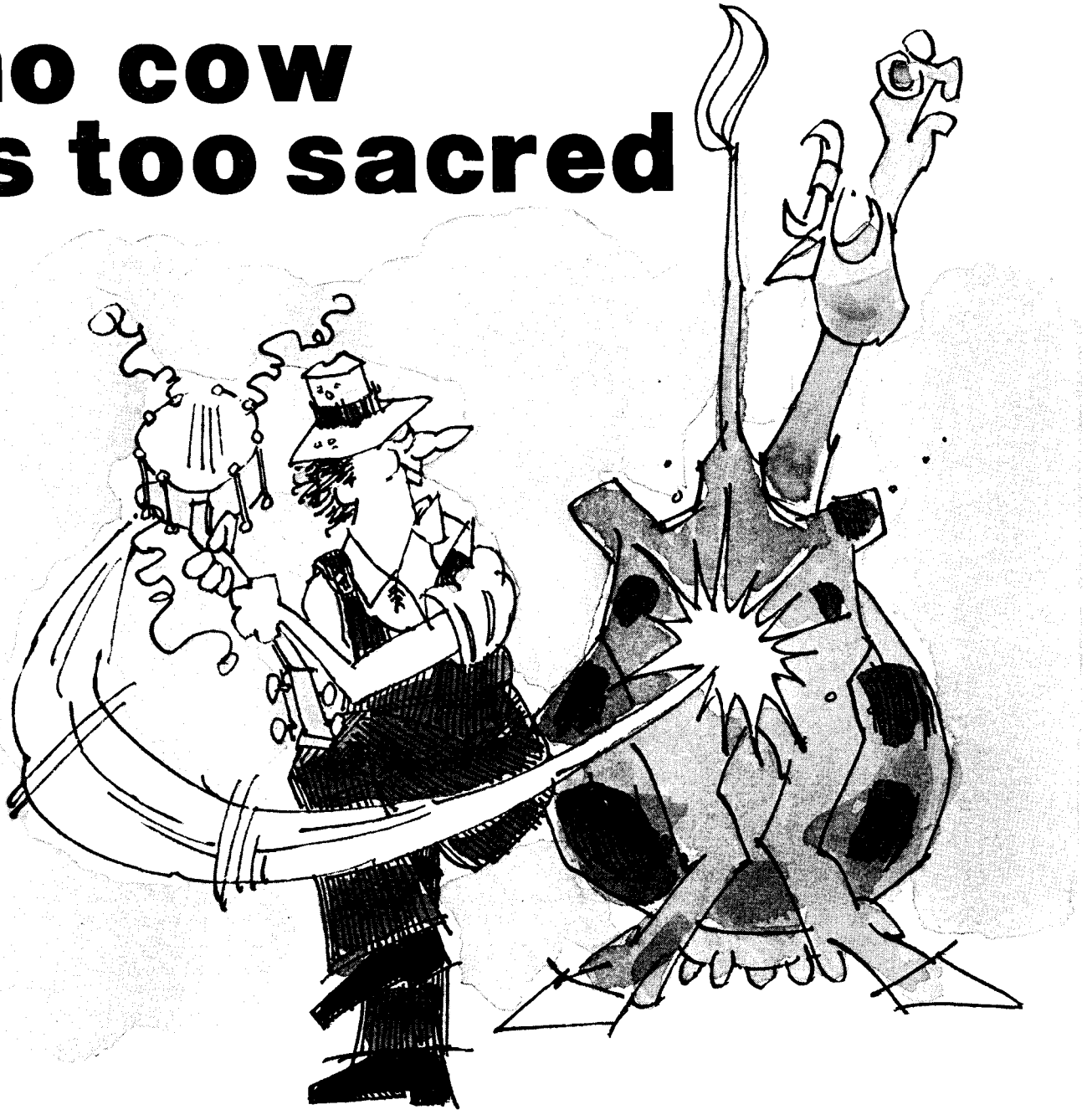
no cow is too sacred



What A Thing To Do To A Holy Cow!!

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A Book Is Born

MY MAN AT Doubleday, the book publisher, examined me carefully, gave me all the tests, and said, "Just as I suspected, you are pregnant with book. We expect delivery in nine months. Meanwhile, take care, don't lift anything heavier than a *Roget's Thesaurus*. The story of your life should be great reading. Make it enjoyable, readable, and most importantly, salable. Have you lived in New York all your life, Mr. Ace?"

"Not yet," I replied.

"That's a good start. You can begin there," he said.

For the past 40 years, I had been intending to find the time to write a different book, one about the only subject on which I consider myself an expert: malapropisms. Now that I had the time, having recently recuperated from a bad case of celebrating my 80th birthday, I realized that the old clock ticking away on the wall was telling me I'd better damn well get to it.

Malaprops are my specialty. In the 1930s and 1940s, I composed thousands of them for a radio program called "Easy Aces." Every weekday evening, Jane Ace could be heard peppering the airwaves with a potpourri of pleasant patois: "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder," or "Marge and I are insufferable friends," or "In every picture I see of Abraham Lincoln, he looks so thin and emancipated." I wanted even the title of the book to be a malaprop: *You Can't Judge a Book by Its Lover.*

My typewriter was clicking merrily along as I joyfully recalled more and more of those old malaprops. It was an author's work of love. It was also a startling conversation piece at elegant dinner parties. "What are you doing these days?" asks someone who has been wondering for three years what I've been doing. "Oh," I reply offhandedly, "I'm writing a book." There follows a pregnant pause. I glow, as all conversation stops and heads turn to stare and listen. And you thought only E. F. Hutton could do that trick.

But in the midst of all my slaphappiness, I ran into an author's block. I had foolishly discussed my book project with several close relatives and with five strangers whom I interviewed on the sidewalks of New York. To my utter amazement, not one of them knew what a malaprop is or had ever even heard the word. Correction: The fifth stranger was a man in a hurry. He was not fully responsive. I had said to him, "Can you give me a minute of your time to tell me what a malaprop is?" He looked at his wristwatch and then told me, "4:17."

The next mistake I made was to relay the results of my extensive sidewalk poll to my man at Doubleday. He was fully responsive. "What the hell use is it to be an expert on a subject that five out of five know nothing about? We are in the business not only to print books; we publishers also harbor a secret desire to sell books.

"You say you are 80," he continued. "Surely you have picked up some expertise on how to reach that age and how to grow older gracefully. 'How to' books are big sellers. If you insist on a book full of malaprops, I must advise you, you're heading for a classic case of premedicated murder," he concluded, using a malaprop in his excitement that I had never thought of—but wished I had. We did strike a compromise, however: I could sprinkle some of my malaprops through the book.

Because of this transmogrification, here I am back at my typewriter, writing about how to grow older gracefully. I must be an expert on that also, because I have been told, and not only once, but to be exact, twice, that I have grown older gracefully. This is not to imply that I can suddenly go into a pas de deux, or that I can dance on the walls like Fred Astaire, or that anybody will ever catch me dancing in the rain like Gene Kelly—certainly not without my rubbers. I can report I'm in good shape for the shape I'm in.

On my last visit to the doctor's for my annual checkup—which I get every month—he told me I am as sound as a dollar. That's a mixed review if I ever heard one.

"You never once gave a full diagnosis of my heart," I complained.

"Your heart is fine. I've told you time and again: I'm the doctor; you're the patient. Just leave your heart to me."

"I intend to, Doctor," I said. "Just don't rush me."

One would think that after having been my doctor for 30 years, he would have learned to take anything I said with a grain of aspirin (his favorite remedy), but he didn't. After my last remark, he grabbed his hat and my overcoat and stomped out.

My doctor is not growing older gracefully. That's because he hasn't yet read my book, which begins: "In the early morning hours of January 15, 1899, in Kansas City, Missouri, a digit was added to 75,994,575—the total population of the 45 states that belonged to our Union. I remember the date and the year clearly because that was when I met my first doctor. Our meeting was not propitious...." **—Goodman Ace**

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THE NILE

This ancient river has witnessed the rise and fall of civilizations. What can it tell us about the future? Let the eyes of Jacques and Philippe Cousteau guide you up the legendary Nile, as they explore its astounding beauty, fascinating cultures and mysterious past.

The Cousteau Odyssey
Dec. 9 and 10 8 p.m.
Most PBS stations

Jacques Cousteau and Philippe Cousteau were the executive producers for the Cousteau Society of The Cousteau Odyssey, a series of all-new specials for Public Television, produced in association with KCET, Los Angeles, under a grant to KCET from Atlantic Richfield Company.

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It's time to talk straight to 96 million American jobholders about "excessive" and "obscene" business profits.

When people who know better, charge that the level of business profits is "obscene" or "excessive" (as if there were some magic number that profits should not exceed) it's time to get back to basics. Such talk clearly ignores what profits are, and what service they perform in our society.

Simply put, profits are the business equivalent of personal savings: the excess of revenue over expenditures. Corporate savings, if you will. The primary source of capital.

And, capital energizes our economy, nurtures the system that creates millions of American jobs and sustains our nation as the most productive on earth.

Under the American system, there are really only three basic sources of capital:

- Business profits
- Private savings
- Government surplus

And, the latter two are highly dependent on the first for their existence.

The fact is that increased business profits mean more American jobs, a more effective American system, and a more prosperous American society.

If more people understood this basic fact, it would not be politically expedient to attack profits, one of the basic mainstays to the employment of millions of Americans.

How business profits serve the American people:

- *First,* they are a primary source of funds for productive reinvestment. Profits are used to increase industrial capacity, to replace outmoded equipment, to encourage necessary research and development, and to create new and better jobs.
- *Second,* they provide dividends for millions of stockholders, a reward for the commitment of personal savings to productive use. One-third of all stocks are owned by pension funds, college endowments, churches and the like, so a large portion of profits are channeled directly into social benefits.
- *Third,* profits generate enormous tax revenues which help foot the bill for our nation's vast social programs and government projects.

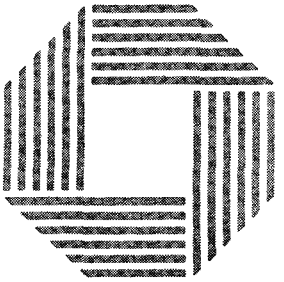
Profits are the lifeblood of our American economic system. They should be celebrated, not condemned; encouraged, not assailed.

We suggest four ways to strengthen our productive, profit-based system.

1. Stimulate business investment for industrial expansion.
2. Permit a faster rate of depreciation for capital equipment.
3. Restructure our tax system to encourage personal savings and investment.
4. Reduce government over-regulation that raises costs, lowers productivity and provides no real benefit to society.

A few years ago, one prominent public official castigated record-level profits as being "obscene". That kind of rhetoric often leads to misguided measures that would constrain profits... make us less competitive... and, ultimately, lessen the quality of life not only for us today, but for our children tomorrow.

And that, we think you'll agree, would really be "obscene".



CHASE

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Dilemma in the Horn of Africa

Mogadishu, Somalia

THE MESSAGE hits the visitor with all the subtlety of a jackhammer: "Stop Russian and Cuban Aggression in Horn of Africa" reads the slogan scrawled crookedly on a white wall along the route into town from the airport. Huge signs feature hideous, larger-than-life caricatures of Somalia's public-enemy number one, Mengistu Haile Mariam, leader of Ethiopia's military government. Mengistu, fangs and all, is portrayed bayoneting the freedom-loving people of the Ogaden region and otherwise suppressing the weak. Where the natural sandblasting effect of the desert winds and ocean breezes has worn away some of the graffiti, new ones have been splattered on top: "Africa Must Be Kept for the Africans!" "Down With International Imperialism." "Colonialists Only Understand the Barrel of the Gun." And so on.

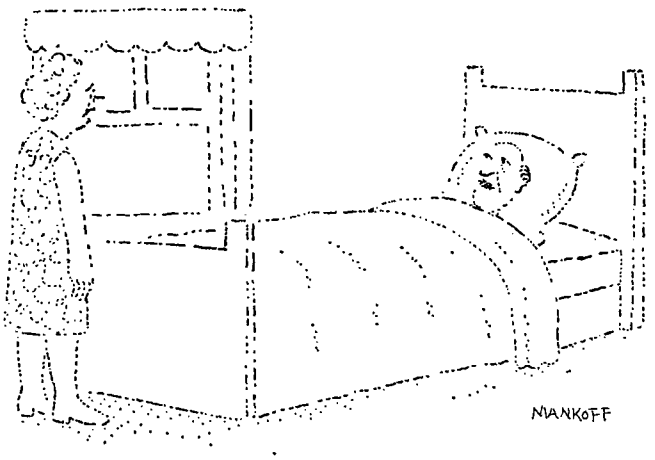
The Somali and Ethiopian nations have never been close in any way but geographically, but the last few years have been especially tense in the Horn. Having been armed and emboldened by the Soviet Union, the Somali government helped the Western Somalia Liberation Front make a bold new attempt to wrest the Ogaden—to them, "western Somalia"—away from the Ethiopians. The front almost succeeded. But in 1977 the Soviets changed sides, taking up with the leftist junta that had succeeded Haile Selassie, the American-supported emperor. With the direct help of Russian and Cuban troops, the Ethiopians then pushed the Somalis back and humiliated them. Thus did the Somalis, once the closest Soviet friends in all of Africa, become the Cassandras of the continent. Still a revolutionary regime dedicated to the principles of "scientific socialism," the government of General Mohamed Siad Barre is nonetheless now second to no one in its warnings about the dangers that the Soviets and Cubans pose to African and world stability.

All of this has a special poignance for an American sojourning in Mogadishu, where there are few amusements other than politics. Several years ago, when the Somalis were in their Soviet period, life in this laconic capital was apparently rather unpleasant for Americans, who were followed, watched, and often harassed. But what with the turning of tables, today Americans are treated as heroes—or, perhaps more accurately, as targets for aggressive affection. On the not unreasonable assumption that Americans will believe and accept almost any compliment, the Somalis say coyly that they always liked the United States better anyway, that they simply went through a period of being foolishly enraptured by Soviet military aid. Now that they have seen the light, they want to embrace Americans—literally and figuratively and, in any event, tightly—and they demand to be embraced in return. Protestations that the Somalis are trying to take a new relationship too far too fast fall on deaf ears; the advances only become more intense.

Above all, the Somalis have learned how to exploit what they assume to be a general, hard-line American distrust of and contempt for Fidel Castro's government in Cuba. University students make the point about the dangerous Cuban presence in the Horn in the midst of casual conversation. So does an articulate "businessman" who pays a surprise visit to an American at his hotel for a friendly chat. And, of course, Cabinet ministers have only one thing on their minds: the need for American aid to help Somalia fight the Soviet and Cuban menace. "If you abandon the entire area, it is like leaving meat for the lion," said one government official, as if he had taken his script from a conservative U.S. senator's critique of the Carter administration's Africa policies. "It is clear to us," said another, "that the U.S. government has never tried sincerely to stop the activities of the Soviet Union in the Horn of Africa." The basic, implicit argument seems to be that the United States must seize this opportunity to make a new friend out of the new enemy of its old enemies. It is an argument that is all the more difficult to answer because it is pressed with the Somalis' innate and haunting air of superiority, of wisdom gained during centuries in the desert.

The Somalis do have a point about the Ogaden, although it is not often explained or understood in the United States. Most of the people who live in the region are not only ethnic Somalis, but they also function as if they were part of the economic, administrative, and social system of the Somali Democratic Republic. They send their products to market in Somalia or for export through the Somali port of Berbera; they receive most of their food and other supplies by the same routes. Disputes among themselves are invariably settled by arbitrators from Somalia, rather than by the courts of Ethiopia, the country in which they officially live. Ethiopia, in fact, under the emperor as well as his successors, has generally failed to supplant these traditional arrangements with its own. Ogadenis need no travel documents to move across the ill-defined border into Somalia, but they cannot and do not travel freely to other parts of Ethiopia. Many of the people who govern Somalia come from the Ogaden, or have family ties there; none of those who run Ethiopia do.

To the extent that Americans have thought about the rivalries in the Horn at all, they have traditionally sympathized and identified with the Ethiopian point of view. For many people, just the mention of Haile Selassie's name still conjures up a nostalgic vision of the brave little man who went before the League of Nations in Geneva in 1936 to protest the invasion of his struggling African nation by the Italian fascists under Benito Mussolini. Indeed, for decades after World War II, the vindicated emperor returned the sympathy and various American material favors by wel-



" 'He who riseth late, must trot all day.' —Franklin."

" 'A body at rest tends to remain at rest.' —Newton."

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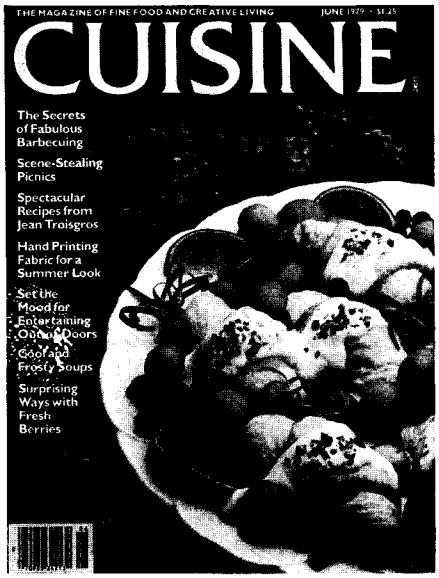
At last...a fine food magazine with recipes so reliable you can try them on guests without fear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And imagine — a magazine that's positively gorgeous to look at and daydream over, but still meant to be used in your kitchen (when it's not being displayed on your coffee table).

On those occasions when you really want to make a production out of a luncheon or dinner for special guests, CUISINE can be invaluable. Its menus help you plan special events right down to the last detail — everything from a Brazilian buffet to a Russian Easter celebration. When you're in the mood to stage an all-out gourmet extravaganza, you can count on CUISINE.

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- How to select the right food processor. The fine art of entertaining. Spectacular kitchens that really work. New microwave cookware. Terrific places for parties. Eight wonderful ways to set holiday tables.

The heart and soul of CUISINE are the 60 or more recipes in every issue — the bright, imaginative, exciting, unusual recipes that prompted one reader to write, "The food tastes as good as it looks in the photographs," and another to comment, "It's not full of impossible dreams; the recipes are believable and workable."

And *reliable*. The word among readers is that you can safely serve a dish from a CUISINE recipe to guests without first trying it out on your family. That's no accident. Every recipe in the magazine is tested in CUISINE's kitchen to be sure it works.

CUISINE's recipes are accompanied by microwave cooking instructions where appropriate, and they're separately indexed on the magazine's contents page for easy reference.

And there's lots more. Every issue features Paul Kovi, CUISINE's Beverage Editor (and coproprietor of The Four Seasons restaurant in New York), who writes one of the most straightforward, no-nonsense wine and drink columns you've ever read. Other regular features include timesaving tips ... reviews of new cookbooks ... "Where to find it" shopping sources ... and much more.

Once you've had the chance to take a look at CUISINE, I think you'll come to the same conclusion that so many other readers have come to — that CUISINE is the brightest, most original, most down-to-earth, most refreshing magazine of fine food and creative cooking you've ever seen.

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Sue and Paul will face a lot of money problems. But medical bills probably won't be one of them.

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They're two of 179,000,000 people protected by health insurance.

Just about everybody faces medical expenses sooner or later. But that's much less of a worry for some people than others. For 9 out of 10 people in this country, as a matter of fact. The ones protected by health insurance.

And the 142,000,000 major medical policy holders who are protected against extreme medical expenses have even less to worry about.

Health insurance is meeting the needs of the times in other ways, too.

Like expanded coverage. Now more and more policies cover dentistry, psychiatry, home and preventive care, and second opinions for surgery.

And we're confronting the pressing problem of costs. Health insurance people are enthusiastically behind money-saving ideas like better planning of facilities and services, alternate methods of treatment, review of hospital budgets. And we're active in programs for preventive care and health education.

A lot's been accomplished. But there's still a lot to do. So we'll keep working till the promise of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford" becomes a reality.

If you'd like to know more about the ways health insurance meets family needs, we've put together a booklet called *All About Health Insurance*. For a free copy, write the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 18, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

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coming U.S. communications bases and other military operations. Especially since little news ever seeped out about the famines and starvation or about Haile Selassie's corrupt and despotic—even feudal—system, Ethiopia's 30 million people generally seemed closer, more interesting, and more important to Americans than the 3 million unknown Somalis next door. As a result, Western analysts have rarely depicted Ethiopia as an African colonial power spreading its tentacles to acquire new territory (in Eritrea, as in the Ogaden).

But times have changed. Now that a new kind of despotism is entrenched in Ethiopia (a Soviet- and Cuban-supported Marxist one, easier for the United States to identify and dislike) and the Somalis are all but offering to sign up as American clients and surrogates, there is a temptation in some circles in Washington to have a go—to enlist on the Somali side and show the rest of the world that the United States has not lost its nerve and its will after all. True, there could be some protests from the close American friends in neighboring Kenya (the maps in Mogadishu of "Greater Somalia" still include a large chunk of Kenya plus all of Djibouti, as well as the Ogaden), but, it is argued, there are important countervailing factors: This is a good time and a pertinent place to draw the line on Russian and Cuban adventurism in Africa, to demonstrate to Western friends on the continent that help is on the way. And a pro-Western Somalia, with a substantial American presence and influence, could be an important boost in dealing with the problems in Yemen and even the Persian Gulf. With enough American help, Somalia could blossom, providing a stark contrast with the effects of communism on Ethiopia; with enough American arms, Somalia might even conquer the Ogaden, teaching a lesson to the Soviets and the Cubans.

As persuasive and appealing as the Somalis' cause can be, it is wise for the United States to resist the impulse to become involved in yet another crisis arena. The Horn of Africa is no place to work out American frustrations over the turn that events have taken elsewhere in the Third World—the "loss" of Iran, the rise of a pro-Soviet regime in Afghanistan, and the continuing Soviet and Cuban presence in Angola, among others.

Perhaps the easiest argument against an American plunge into the fray on the Horn, either directly or vicariously, is that it would almost surely be ineffective. The grievances and disputes that currently divide the Ethiopian and Somali governments are not simply a matter of borders; they involve centuries-old conflicts and millennial attitudes. Difficult though it may be for rational thinkers in Congress or on the National Security Council staff to admit, these will not necessarily be conducive to solution through an application of American wisdom, wit, or weapons. They may just have to be left to the people directly involved and the ongoing forces of history, rather than to short-term geopolitical considerations and the exigencies of East-West rivalry. Even in practical terms, the United States probably has little relevant help or advice to offer the Somalis; it has no more expertise in desert warfare than in the jungle warfare of Southeast Asia.

What is more, a precipitous and enthusiastic U.S. response to the Somalis would establish an inappropriate model for American behavior in regional conflicts. It would send a signal to various contenders in various struggles that American friendship and aid is on the market in the same way as the Soviet version—that it is there for the asking to any country that is willing to declare its affection for America (however insincerely) and take our side on some global issues (however temporarily).

Finally, American intervention on the Horn, or in other similar disputes, can also cause serious domestic distortions. For an involvement-weary American public, still harboring a post-Vietnam skepticism, would have to be convinced of the value of any new overseas commitment. (The Carter administration's sudden and unexplained shipment of planes and arms to North Yemen last year still looms as a source of potential controversy.) Inevitably, the government would find itself in a position of overstating the importance of the Horn to the United States and exaggerating the damage being done to American interests by the Soviet and Cuban presence there. The next step is then bound to be a demand, first by conservatives and then by others, that the administration actually do something to correct the problem. It was through just such a process—an uproar over the invasion of the Shaba province of Zaire in 1978 and unsubstantiated accusations that the Cubans in Angola were involved—that the White House began linking Soviet behavior in Africa and the SALT treaty.

The Horn of Africa is an ideal area for the exercise of restraint and a policy of constructive noninvolvement. Economic and technical aid to Somalia (or, for that matter, to Ethiopia) is one thing; military equipment to fuel an age-old and recently bloody battle would be another.

A new outbreak of hostilities in the Ogaden is possible any time. Thus far, the Carter administration, largely on the advice of the State Department, has shown admirable caution in the Horn; one can only hope that the presidential-election season will not create new misdirected drives to demonstrate how great and influential America can be.

—Sanford J. Ungar

"This one gives you the time, the date, takes your pulse, and then automatically calls an ambulance."

Mr. Ungar is managing editor of Foreign Policy *magazine.*

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The Dubious Justice of Warren Burger

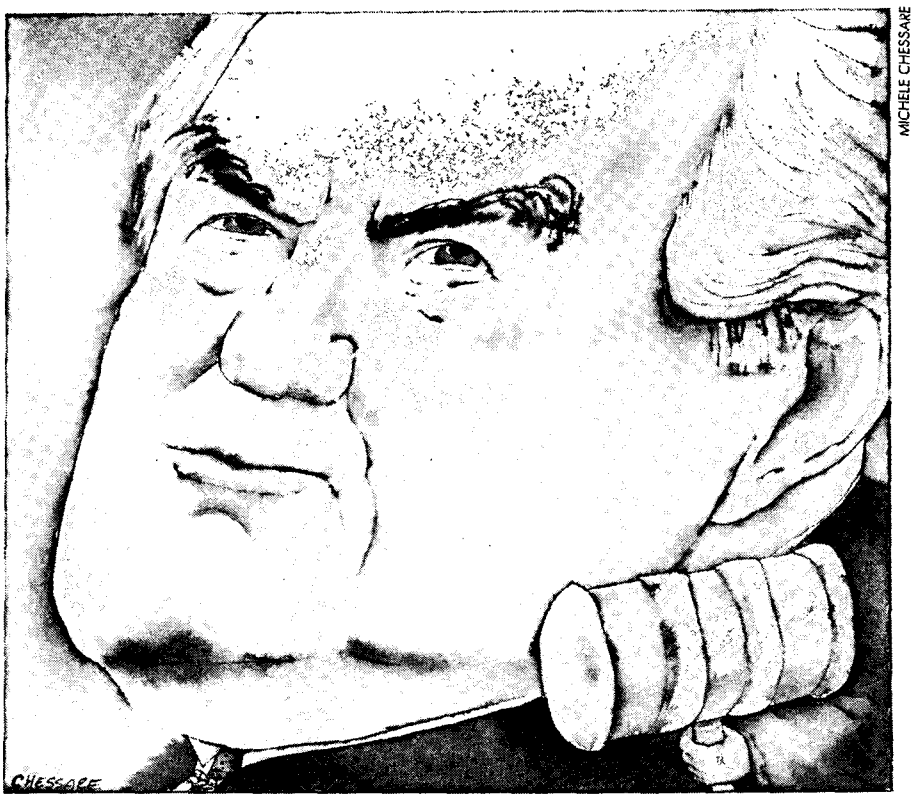
by Tim O'Brien

"He looks like a chief justice! He sounds like a chief justice! He acts like a chief justice! He should be a chief justice."

—Senator Everett Dirksen at Warren Burger's confirmation hearing. Washington, D.C., June 1969.

"He flailed his arms and shouted furiously at a guard, 'Either you throw him out or I will,' at which point he tried to snatch the microphone out of my hand. He wrestled me to my knees....I believe he's the most dangerous man I've ever met."

—CBS News correspondent Phil Jones, following his first encounter with Chief Justice Warren Burger at a meeting of the American Bar Association. Atlanta, Georgia, February 1970.



MICHELE CHESSARE

CLEARLY, THE Honorable Chief Justice of the United States, Warren E. Burger, strikes different observers in different ways. The contradictions in the perceptions of the man may well be the natural consequence of the contradictions in the man himself: Burger has been variously described as "warm," "witty," "dedicated," "honest," "gracious," "charming," "curiously old-fashioned," "a kind and decent man," as well as "something of an ogre," "vain," "vindictive," "tricky," "petty," "pompous," "a heavy-handed, narrow-minded bully." Surely Warren E. Burger has brought a unique mix of qualities to the job.

It was Attorney General John Mitchell who came up with the idea of hiring Burger in the first place. The President, trying to find just the right man for the nation's most powerful and prestigious judicial office, had already been rejected three times. Former Attorney General Herbert Brownell said no. So did former New York governor Tom Dewey and associate Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart. So, asked Mitchell, why not Warren Burger?

Warren Burger. The name rang a bell. Nixon had heard of the judge on the District of Columbia court of appeals who had been a frequent critic of the Supreme Court under liberal Chief Justice Earl Warren.

Nixon had also read about Burger's law-and-order speeches in *U.S. News and World Report*. Burger had linked permissiveness in society with liberal court rulings and warned that too much liberty can undermine social order. Nixon was predictably dazzled, and even borrowed ideas from the Burger speeches for his own speeches in the '68 campaign.

Nixon might have also remembered Warren Burger as one who would not question Nixon's brand of integrity

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when almost everyone else would. It was 1952. Senator Richard Nixon, the vice-presidential nominee, was accused of maintaining a secret slush fund. The scandal threatened not only Nixon's place on the ticket, but perhaps his entire career. Hours before Richard Nixon delivered his nationally televised "Checkers speech"—the speech that was to save him—he received a telegram of support from an ambitious, but little-known Republican Party leader in St. Paul, Minnesota: "Your Minnesota friends have complete confidence in your personal integrity. We are looking forward to your speech tonight. Please call if there is anything we can do." —Warren and Vera Burger. Who ever would have thought that 17 years later, President Richard Nixon would go on national television again to proclaim that fourth-choice Burger would be his nominee for chief justice of the United States.

A constitutional expert notes that 'A lawyer would be subject to discipline from the bar if he ever distorted the record ... as Warren Burger did' in one decision.

PRESIDENT NIXON believed the Supreme Court had gone astray. It was not only interpreting the law, it was making new law of its own and, even worse, it was making the kind of law that Richard Nixon didn't like. The President hoped that Burger, with the help of future appointees, would steer the high Court back to what had been its traditional role as the guardian of established, respectable, middle-class values, the protector of the status quo. The first 10 years of the Burger reign at the Supreme Court indicate that Nixon's faith was well-placed. If the current Supreme Court hasn't reversed the major liberal advances of the Warren Court, it has at least stifled what Burger and the man who appointed him regarded as excessive concern with civil liberties.

The Burger Court, in *Washington* v. *Davis* (1976), has made it substantially tougher for minorities to win race-discrimination cases by requiring a plaintiff to prove that not only the effect, but the intent, of the activity in question was discriminatory. Last May, in *Massachusetts* v. *Feeney*, the Court extended that reasoning to make it equally difficult for women to win sex-discrimination cases.

For several years, the Supreme Court has been following a course aimed at diminishing the individual's right to privacy. The pace was accelerated last term in two separate rulings:

In *Rakas* v. *Illinois*, the Court ruled that passengers in somebody else's automobile have no constitutional protection against warrantless searches because there is "no expectation of privacy" in another's car.

In *Smith* v. *Maryland*, the Court ruled that the government can obtain a list of a citizen's telephone calls from the telephone company without a warrant and without any reason to suspect the citizen did anything wrong. The Court asserted that no expectation of confidentiality attaches to the list of one's telephone calls; Justice Thurgood Marshall, writing in dissent, warned that such a ruling could be construed to allow the government to randomly open and read first-class mail.

In numerous other cases in the last term alone, the Supreme Court has substantially diminished the constitutional protection of defendants, of prison inmates, and the press.

The Court has consistently allowed institutions of government to prevail when in competition with the rights of the individual; and no institution has received more consistent protection than the judiciary itself. In 1978 the Court ruled that a judge cannot be sued for civil damages for authorizing the sterilization of a 14-year-old girl who had no hearing, no lawyer, no opportunity to appeal. In fact, she was only told she was having an appendectomy and didn't learn the truth until years later when she was married and couldn't get pregnant. The judge acted on the advice of the girl's mother who claimed her daughter had been "seeing older men and was a little slow."

In a highly dubious interpretation, the Court ruled that even if the judge had acted with malice, he would be protected by the doctrine of judicial immunity *(Stump* v. *Sparkman).*

The Nixon appointees, led by Burger and resident Court troglodyte William Rehnquist, have campaigned openly to diminish the individual's access to the federal courts. They cite anachronistic federal court rules, states' rights, and the inability of the federal courts to handle the ever-increasing workload.

Burger's answer has been to send whatever cases he can back to the state courts, which are even more overburdened, underfinanced, and less sensitive to the rights of individuals and minorities than are the federal courts.

Supporters of the chief justice are anxious to point out that Burger is only one of nine justices and therefore deserves at worst a fraction of the blame. Yet Burger has voted with the majority in all of the decisions mentioned above.

Bruce Ennis, a former Justice Department attorney and a respected chronicler and critic of Supreme Court rulings, recently listed in *The Nation* what he regards as the 10 most dangerous decisions of the 1978-79 term. Burger was with the majority in all 10 decisions and wrote three himself.

Civil-liberties groups have won a few victories in the Supreme Court last term, most notably the *Brian Weber* decision (upholding voluntary affirmative-action programs by private employers when aimed at remedying the lingering effects of past discrimination), *Orr* v. *Orr* (establishing the husband's right to alimony in those states that allow the wife to collect alimony), and *Davis* v. *Passman* (allowing victims of sex discrimination to sue under the Constitution itself when Congress has failed to provide a statutory remedy). Chief Justice Burger *dissented* in all of these decisions.

Burger's leadership in the Court has been attacked from many quarters, perhaps properly so; but it is beyond cavil that he has been in the forefront of most, if not all, of the reverses handed to minorities and individuals in recent years.

BURGER HAS generally received poor reviews from experts. Alan Dershowitz, law professor at Harvard, argues that "his greatest shortcoming is his lack of commitment to the Bill of Rights. As a Supreme Court justice, the man is simply not passionately committed to freedom and liberty. If he were one of the Founding Fathers, he would have voted *against* the Bill of Rights. I don't know of anyone who would include Warren Burger in his list of distinguished judges."

John Ely, while a law professor at Yale (he's now at Harvard) wrote that Burger's opinions "lack clarity and fail to give the lower courts guidance concerning recurrent and related issues."

Writing in the *Yale Law Journal*, Ely accused the chief justice of misrepresenting both the facts of a case and the applicable precedents in a landmark decision *(Harris* v. *New York)* curbing the defendant's right against self-incrimination established in the *Miranda* case.

Commenting on the *Harris* decision, Professor Dershowitz says it was not the lack of clarity or substance that he found most troubling; rather it was the way the chief justice totally distorted the record, adding, "a lawyer would be subject to discipline from the bar if he ever distorted the record in his brief as Warren Burger did in his decision."

In fairness to the chief justice, not all his reviews in the academic community have been so caustic. Yale Kamisar, a distinguished criminal law professor at the University of Michigan, has sug-

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gested that the chief justice has some overlooked virtues. Kamisar considers Burger the most lucid and eloquent foe of the exclusionary rule, prohibiting the introduction of evidence illegally obtained. (Kamisar himself is often identified as one of the most articulate *proponents* of the rule.)

While many condemn what Burger has to say in his opinions, even some of his toughest critics will compliment him on the way he says it—*not the reasoning*, but the writing. A number of correspondents regularly assigned to the Court feel the chief justice's opinions are frequently the most quotable. Richard Carrelli of the Associated Press describes Burger as "consistently the best writer on the Court."

But Burger has not gotten on much better with the press than with scholars. In the last 10 years, the Court has:

- Ruled that reporters may be compelled to turn over confidential notes and records to judges and grand juries, and sent to jail if they refuse.
- Opened newsrooms to surprise police raids, regardless of whether anyone there was believed to have done anything wrong.
- Allowed plaintiffs in libel cases to inquire into a journalist's state of mind, and ask questions that cut to the heart of the editorial process.
- Allowed the shutting off of state institutions, such as prisons and hospitals, from press scrutiny.
- Closed criminal proceedings to the press at the mere whim of defendants, prosecutors, and trial judges.

In all of the above, in fact, in every single decision considered "antimedia," Burger voted with the majority.

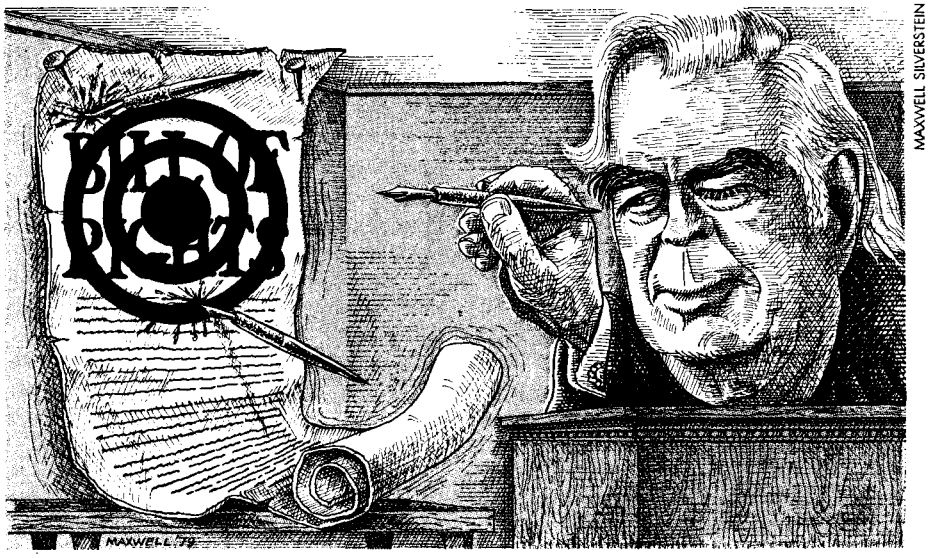
It is ironic, especially to news reporters, that Chief Justice Burger—according to his closest aides—regards himself as a champion of freedom of the press. It is true that nearly all of the media's significant victories in the last 10 years have been written by Burger. In each of these, however, the justices had unanimously decided in favor of the First Amendment; Burger's vote was hardly needed. Some critics of the Court believe that the only reason the chief assigned the writing of the decisions to himself was so that he could be sure that the scope of the rulings would be narrow.

In all of the genuinely tough cases in which the Court ruled *against* the news media, Burger was with the majority and frequently provided the fifth vote.

While professing a great respect and appreciation for the media as an institution, the chief justice has not hidden his disdain for reporters. He is particularly hostile to television news which, official spokesmen won't deny, he has denounced as "sleazy."

At least some of Burger's problems with the news media may stem from the atmosphere of mutual, self-generating distrust in which they co-exist. Deathly afraid he'll be taken out of context, Burger hardly ever grants serious, in-depth interviews. He does so only for his old friends at *U.S. News and World Report*, who clear the subject matter with him in advance, promise to throw softballs, and then let the chief justice edit the finished product himself. For all intents and purposes, it is an interview *with* Warren Burger *by* Warren Burger.

ONE OF BURGER'S most well-known decisions was in the *Watergate Tapes* case. The issue, simply put, was whether President Nixon could invoke the doctrine of "executive privilege" to keep Watergate prosecutors from listening to his secret tapes. Well-placed sources indicate Burger initially felt the answer was *yes*. But a quick sounding of his colleagues found them overwhelmingly against the President. Realizing he could not fight them, he not only joined them—he *led* them. And he wrote the decision (which he made unanimous on the first vote) himself.



The *Watergate Tapes* decision was a masterpiece of legal craftsmanship for which Burger will always receive credit. Unimpeachable Court sources suggest, however, that much of the credit should go elsewhere. Of all nine justices, Burger seemed the most concerned about damage to the presidency. He listened carefully to the views of his colleagues, but then wrote a decision that virtually none of them could accept. The *Watergate* decision may have set a record for rewrites; the end-product was as much the work of other justices, most particularly Justice Lewis Powell, as it was of Warren Burger. Sources state that Burger stood very much in the background in the evolution of the landmark decision that bears his name. And the chief justice's handling of the case, while winning universal approval outside the Court, enraged Burger's colleagues on the bench.

The *Watergate Tapes* was the most prominent, but by no means the only, incident in which Burger drew the ire of his closest associates. Most Supreme Court justices and their clerks—past and present—are reluctant to speak with news reporters, and those who will may not necessarily reflect the most accurate view. But the picture they present is distinctly unfavorable to Burger. When the chief is on the winning side in a case, he also assigns the writing of the Court's majority opinion. Some of his colleagues are reportedly unhappy with the way he exercises this most significant power. The chief, it is said, plays favorites. Some justices have been left with the impression that if they side with the chief on cases close to *him*, they may be lucky enough to be assigned the writing of the Court's decisions in cases close to them. The allegation would be difficult to prove and Burger calls the mere thought "absurd."

Some of the justices have suggested privately that they believe Burger has switched his votes just so he may be in the majority and assign the writing of the decision to someone to whom he owes a debt or to someone who will at least be sympathetic to his own views. In a 1971 busing case, *Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenberg*, Burger was all set to write the majority opinion; when one justice was swung to the pro-busing side, suddenly leaving Burger in the minority, the chief justice not only switched positions himself, but assigned himself to write the majority opinion once again.

Several of Burger's colleagues are unhappy with the way he presides over the secret conferences at which cases are discussed and voted upon. Because the justices represent such a wide ideological disparity, it should not be surprising that debate is sometimes considerably less than the high-minded, intellectual

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discourse one might otherwise expect from the nation's foremost collegial body. According to one of the justices, discussion is sometimes acrimonious, especially in cases involving defendants' rights; occasionally, it degenerates into name-calling contests.

IF WARREN BURGER's inability to control the justices' secret conferences comes as a surprise, his lack of self-control at the annual meetings of the American Bar Association should not; they've been amply recorded. Burger successfully managed to keep CBS News from filming his speech to the ABA in 1970, but his wrestling match with correspondent Phil Jones was recorded on audio tape and played to a national Television audience that evening on the CBS Sunday News.

Burger's actions, on and off the bench, raise questions about the man charged with overseeing justice in America.

At a meeting of the National Judicial College in 1979, Burger was invited to address a breakfast meeting of judges and lawyers. When he arrived, he found the breakfast had been staked out by an "uninvited guest," NBC reporter Carl Stern. Burger's face reddened; pointing at Stern, he thundered, "Either he goes or I go," and then the chief justice stormed out.

About five minutes later, Burger slipped in through a back door and, with the charm and grace of a maître d' at a fine French restaurant, went around introducing himself to his embarrassed and astonished hosts. According to one lawyer who witnessed it all, "He came back all smiles ... as though nothing had happened. We couldn't believe it was the same man."

At the same convention, Burger was also scheduled to deliver his State of the Judiciary Address. He almost backed out upon learning that television coverage might be permitted. As the meeting was about to begin, Burger was up in his room pouting, refusing to come down. Bar Association president, Shepherd Tate, frantic, went up to the room hoping he could straighten things out. He found the chief stalking back and forth in his suite (for some reason still in his underwear) muttering, "I'm not going down....No, I'm not going down."

Eventually Tate convinced the chief justice that everything would be all right. Burger gave his remarks; television cameras were not allowed in. One can't help but wonder what old Ev Dirksen would have thought.

Burger apparently believes he does not need the support of the press but he knows he can't do without Congress, to whom the Constitution gives absolute control over the appellate authority of the federal courts. He has worked assiduously to develop cordial relations with key senators, including Dennis DeConcini (D-Arizona), a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Burger has wined and dined DeConcini in his chambers at the Court. DeConcini has had Burger out to his home for dinner. DeConcini has let it be known he welcomes the chief's advice.

One afternoon, Burger, incensed over DeConcini's support of a bankruptcy reform bill, called the senator on the phone with a lot more than mere advice. "He went into a rage," recalls DeConcini. "He berated me. He went on and on and on. He called me irresponsible. He threatened to call a news conference. [A news conference? Could this really be Warren Burger?] He said he'd ask the President to veto the measure. He even went so far as to threaten blocking implementation of the proposal should it ever become law." Warren Burger had lost control again.

Isolated incidents? Hardly. Burger's reputation as a bully in Washington has continued to grow as he continues to throw his considerable weight around:

When Harry Alexander, the black D.C. superior court judge, led a peaceful rally (calling for black equality) on the steps of the Supreme Court, Burger was so infuriated that he threatened to have the judge cited for contempt if it ever happened again.

When Burger and his wife Vera took the Metroliner train to New York, the chief became irritated by the cigarette smoking in his first-class car. He complained vigorously to AMTRAK officials— "Do you know me?" A few days later, the Secretary of Transportation barred smoking in first-class cars.

At a recent reception for Supreme Court clerks, Burger reportedly insisted on having himself "announced" before he would enter the room. Now, Supreme Court clerks—they *do* know him.

In 1975, Burger undiplomatically accused the Democrat-controlled Congress of dragging its heels on a pending "judges bill" so that a Democrat — like Jimmy Carter—rather than the incumbent Republican President, Gerald Ford, would have the opportunity to fill some 150 new federal judgeships. Burger may have been correct in his accusation, but some congressmen felt it improper for the country's top judicial officer to be so heavy-handed in his dealings with a separate branch of government.

To his credit, Burger has demonstrated some skills in his role as a judicial administrator. He has attacked his administrative duties with a zeal not seen at the Court since the days of Charles Evans Hughes. One of his greatest achievements has been the creation of the Institute for Court Management, which has substantially improved efficiency in the federal courts.

Even as an administrator, however, Burger has allowed his talk to get far and away ahead of his deeds. He has been an outspoken critic of the U.S. prison system and its failure to rehabilitate offenders. But he has come up with precious few ideas for improving it.

Earlier this year, Burger proposed that jury trials be eliminated in complicated civil cases, but made no reference whatsoever to the Seventh Amendment to the Constitution, which specifically provides for jury trials to most plaintiffs suing in federal court.

Burger has been a frequent critic of the 1968 Bail Reform Act, which he claims has returned hardened criminals to the streets to pillage and plunder anew. But he has yet to address the inequities that the law sought to correct: that those with money would get out, while those without would remain locked up and have to prepare for trial from jail.

In the last two years, Burger has put the nation's lawyers on trial and has pronounced 50 percent of them guilty of incompetence in the courtroom. Yet he himself has never been a trial judge, and he hasn't attended a trial from beginning to end in nearly 25 years (though he does have the opportunity to look at trial records). The real problem is with the trial itself, not just with the lawyers; also, the actions of trial *judges* are responsible for much of the behavior of the lawyers who appear before them. Perhaps Burger would do better to clean up his own act.

There are no longer serious questions regarding Burger's commitment to civil liberties. What questions there were all appear to have been answered in the negative. But beyond that, Burger's actions, on and off the bench, continue to raise troubling questions about the intellect, temperament, and stability of the man charged with overseeing justice in America, of assuring that "equal justice under law" is more than merely a slogan adorning the justices' white marble palace up on Capitol Hill.

The record clearly shows that for 10 years, the Supreme Court has been blithely casting aside principles of law that an earlier Supreme Court once regarded as fundamental justice. And it is no coincidence that Warren Burger has led the way.

Tim O'Brien is the legal correspondent for ABC News.

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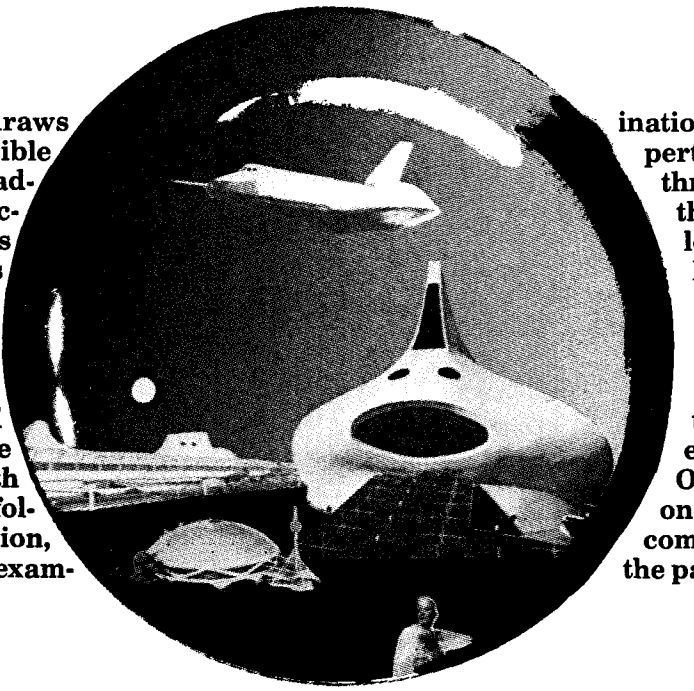
Future Chic

As a new decade draws nigh, normally sensible people will plunge headlong into bold predictions about the Eighties and beyond. Experts will roll out their glittering or ghastly visions of the future, and, what's more, they will be believed. Should this speculative exercise really be greeted with such solemnity? In the following special section, James Traub's close examination of the expert's experts—the futurologists—throws a wan light upon the new authority of long-range forecasters. Paul Dickson's sampler of abominable predictions dims their sun further. And Mark O'Donnell's travesty of the forecasting art eclipses them altogether. Of course, no rhapsody on the future would be complete without a hymn to the past; so we begin with....



A Primer on the Seventies

by Ben Yagoda

WE ARE ALREADY awash in ruminations—by columnists, editorial writers, anchormen, and sundry other pundits—on the meaning of the 1970s. More will no doubt follow. In recognition of the depressing prospect of having to wade through the entire deluge, herewith is offered The Complete, All-Purpose, Do-it-Yourself Seventies Multiple-Choice Quiz:

The Seventies did not begin on January 1, 1970, but with (a) Altamont (b) the fall of Saigon (c) the resignation of Richard M. Nixon.

You knew the Sixties were over when (choose three) Jerry Rubin threw a human-potential convention; Kohoutek never showed up; Skylab did; New York City nearly defaulted, then blacked out; they almost banned saccharin; more people watched *Roots* than any other TV show in history; Proposition 13 won by a landslide; Richard M. Nixon went to Red China; anybody at all watched *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.*

The Seventies were many things to many people, but perhaps the best capsule description of them was (a) The Me Decade (no other choices).

In no other decade since the 1920s did so many unconventional figures spring to public prominence. A few of the more notable of these were (choose five): Clifford Irving. Thomas Eagleton. Frank Rizzo. Idi Amin. Sam Ervin. Patty Hearst. Margaret Trudeau. Renee Richards. Elizabeth Ray. Karen Ann Quinlan. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Evel Knievel. John Dean. Earl Butz. David Berkowitz. Rupert Murdoch. Jerry Brown. Billy Martin. Bobby Fischer. Bobby Riggs. Gary Gilmore. Freddy Laker. Johnny Rotten. Jimmy Carter.

The mood of the decade was one of (a) watchful waiting (b) retrenchment (c) regression, as Americans marked time by engaging in a great deal of purposeless activity. The best example of this was (a) waiting in gas lines (b) going to law school (c) jogging.

Like any decade, the Seventies had their ups and downs. The high point was certainly (a) Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat at Camp David (b) the resignation of Richard M. Nixon (c) the Bicentennial. The low point has to have been (a) the energy crisis, parts I and II (b) the resignation of Richard M. Nixon (c) the Bicentennial.

The decade was not without its lighter moments, however, as witness (a) streaking, pet rocks, and WIN buttons (b) the resignation of Richard M. Nixon (c) the Bicentennial.

It could be argued that the most significant cultural phenomenon of the Seventies was disco. It took hold because (a) the mainstream accepted the styles of black and gay culture (b) a mechanistic age replaced the vibrancy and humanity of rock with a mindless, repetitive beat (c) John Travolta is incredibly cute.

In fashion and lifestyles, the Seventies were a time of casual eclecticism. A typical Seventies "look" was wearing (a) a pants suit (b) a down vest (c) designer jeans, and (a) Adidas running shoes (b) a CAT hat (c) roller skates, while stretched out on (a) a high-tech tractor seat (b) a solar reflector (c) your back, and having some (a) Perrier (b) spinach salad (c) nitrous oxide.

In all, the message of the Seventies could be summed up as (a) the end of ideology has finally been reached (zero-based budgeting) (b) our limits have finally been reached (small is beautiful) (c) the personal supersedes the political (find your own space and go with the flow).

The Seventies will not end on December 31, 1979, but (a) ended with Jonestown (b) ended the night Mary Tyler Moore went off the air (c) won't be over until people stop writing meaningless essays about the Seventies and start writing them about the real-life advent of 1984.

Ben Yagoda is a freelance writer living in New York.

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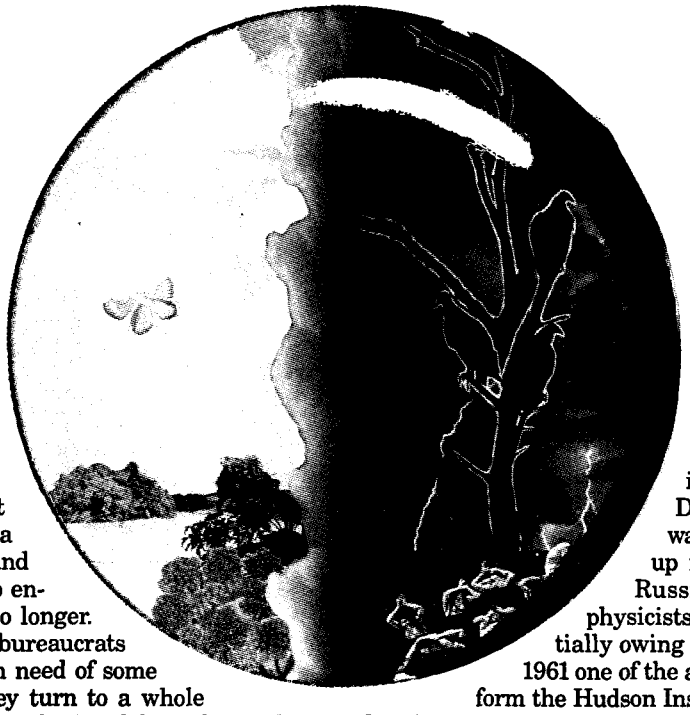
Futurology
The Rise of the Predicting Profession



by James Traub

SPECULATION OVER THE FUTURE has always been a popular pastime; most everyone, after all, hazards an occasional prediction over his own destiny. But until recently, forecasting on a grander scale was left to poets and prophets, who were supposed to enjoy special powers of insight. No longer. Today, when businessmen and bureaucrats and public organizations feel in need of some image of the time to come, they turn to a whole new species of intellectual: the professional futurologist. Unlike the old-fashioned seer, this new breed of thinker considers himself a rigorous analyst, studying the laws that govern social, political, and economic trends and their effect upon one another. And unlike many pioneers in a new profession, futurologists have enjoyed instant success: Twenty-five years ago futures studies had no organized existence; today more than 200 research institutes turn out futures studies, with a number of them pulling in $2 million or more from government and corporate contracts.

Despite this remarkable surge of popularity, futurology has come in for some withering criticism, especially within the intellectual community. Economist Lester Thurow calls the study "the intellectual's version of going to the palm reader," pointing out that anxiety over the present naturally leads to a preoccupation with the future. Robert Heilbroner, a social thinker as well as an economist, says, "There's an awful lot of chic in this thing," and adds that "people take long-range forecasting much too seriously." Indeed, a close inspection of forecasts prepared more than five years ago shows a pretty dismal record of accuracy; further, the predictions now being churned out by a myriad of think tanks together produce, not a coherent view of the future, but a bewildering and contradictory cluster of images.

Still, futurology has come a long way from the Book of Revelation or even from H. G. Wells. In the prescientific era, no distinction was made between "the future" and "the ultimate state." The future announced by biblical prophets provided an image of God's final purpose for the world, and not some evolutionary process. Even the more concrete futures of Aldous Huxley and Jules Verne represented visions of an inevitable tide of history, rational rather than theological.

The advent of professional futurology coincided with the acceptance of the idea that history has no ironclad laws and no ruling deity, that the future belongs to man. It also coincided with a new source of anxiety about the future—the Cold War. The nation's first major think tank, the Rand Corporation, was established in 1946 in Santa Monica, California, by the Air Force and Douglas Aircraft. Its mission was to do a better job dreaming up military technology than the Russians. But its engineers and physicists started getting restless, partially owing to Rand's narrow scope; and in 1961 one of the analysts, Herman Kahn, left to form the Hudson Institute in New York. Two more Rand analysts, Olaf Helmer and Theodore Gordon, left in 1966 to form the Institute of the Future. Gordon then left to set up the Futures Group, in Connecticut, in 1971. By that time, futurist think tanks had sprung up across the country, catering to a growing legion of large corporations and government agencies.

Nothing that is human is alien to the futurologist; he will study the future of anything. Energy studies have been the think-tank meal ticket of the last half-decade and promise to keep futurists in business a long time. Such studies aren't cheap: The Social Policy Research Center, a branch of SRI International, the gigantic West Coast think tank, charged the Department of Energy (DOE) $275,000 for a study of the feasibility of solar power. Many think tanks issue 10-year forecasts on the world economy and the geopolitical situation. Other subjects abound: Hudson recently finished a study of the future of Arizona for a number of business firms. Forecasting International, in Washington, is hard at work on a study of the vulnerability of off-shore installations (for example, drilling operations) to terrorist attack. A copy of *World Nitrogen Supply and Demand* is available from Predicasts, of Cleveland, for $625. Nothing is too minute for the futurologist's inspection; included in a 10-year forecast produced by the Institute of the Future were the assertions that "an increasing proportion of males may not wear underpants because trousers can be washed easily and often," and "the use of dental floss may increase from 15 percent to 25 percent for even low-income adults."

Such studies would never have been written without the sponsorship of corporate and governmental clients. For businesses such as utilities that must formulate long-range plans, futurologists provide immediately applicable information—i.e., the likely level of electrical demand in 20 or 30 or 50 years—to be compared to figures compiled within the company. But most corporations have something less concrete in mind when they hire a futurist think tank. Most of the execu-

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tives who deal with futurologists admit that their firms have never based a specific decision on a long-range prediction. They go to think tanks, instead, for broad contexts and a sense of larger trends—to find out, for example, where their industry will fit into a changing economy. "We use long-term forecasting as a starting point for all strategic planning," says Ian Wilson of General Electric, describing the company's new "interactive multilevel planning system." Wilson concedes the inaccuracy of much long-range forecasting but feels that even inaccurate predictions "force everyone to spell out their assumptions about the future." And if you're GE or Exxon, you can afford to spend $20,000 a year to have your assumptions spelled out.

SINCE MOST FUTUROLOGISTS are willing to churn out a report on anything a client wants to know, the mechanics of one research group tends to resemble those of another. There are, however, discernible differences of character. Some groups prefer to deal with specific problems and readily quantifiable subjects, grinding out the sort of unspectacular analysis generally associated with the social sciences. Others try to provide the Big Picture: the shape of world history, shifts in social order and values, the rise of new consciousness. And finally, others, in the most distant precincts of futurology, are downright metaphysical. They have trouble getting clients.

In this latter category comes the New York Center for World Games Studies, a three-man group now hard at work on the Star Tube, a 200-foot tunnel that would lean against the New Mexican mesa. The group plans to equip the tunnel with maps showing the position of the earth and stars during the last 25,000 years; politicians and plain folk could walk through and experience "the earth as an eco-system," according to founder and president Mico Delianove. As soon as benefactors pony up $300,000 to $1.5 million, says Delianove, the Star Tube will go from the drawing board to the desert. The center's checkered past makes this philanthropy look unlikely. Their previous project, a solar refrigerator that would solve the world food problem, also looked great on paper, but Delianove notes that "we're still working out some bugs that we can't quite put our finger on."

In contrast, the Futures Group, despite its heady name and $2 million annual revenues, is a fairly modest bunch as futurologists go. Its tidy headquarters and the well-groomed suburb of Hartford in which it is located make for a highly unfuturific setting. Most of its researchers have rather scanty academic backgrounds—Jan Cohen, the director of one of the major research projects, began as a secretary. And on every tongue is the watchword of caution: "Most forecasting fails to take a reasonable level of uncertainty into account," says resident population expert John Stover.

Much of the Futures Group's revenue comes from studies of specific problems for individual clients: energy consumption for DOE and a number of utilities; female participation in the labor force for the U.S. Labor Department; and an ongoing project on Third World population and its economic consequences for the Agency for International Development. Some of these studies don't even involve predictions. A "strategic backdrop analysis" on energy consumption for DOE offers no conjectures about future events— "Please don't say we're making forecasts, we're just setting planning targets," says vice-president Lillian Deitch. Instead, it examines the foreseeable consequences of certain energy choices—the effect of an acceleration in coal production, for example, on mining capacity and rolling stock. The study sets no goals; that's DOE's job.

The Futures Group also performs a series of so-called Prospects studies, which monitor markets and offer 10-year predictions about their behavior for groups of regular subscribers. These programs now cover the pharmaceutical, hospital-goods, and consumer-products markets. Clients are connected to a vast body of information—more than 100 variables are monitored in each case—by a computer system called Futurscan. Although all markets tend to be volatile, and thus difficult to predict, the projects involve painstaking information-gathering; and many clients, especially the smaller ones, use the service as much for the raw data as for the projections of 1990 coronary-vasodilator sales.

While the Futures Group is considered relatively circumspect and narrow in focus, the Hudson Institute, and its founder and demiurge, Herman Kahn, are nothing of the sort. Cloistered in Croton-on-Hudson, a bucolic, upper-class suburb north of New York, the home office of the institute sits on a 22-acre compound cleared from the surrounding woods and is housed in seven quaint Tudor buildings, one of which formerly served as a home for the insane. It is not a place to entertain gloomy meditations; and Herman-on-Hudson, as it is also called, is famed for its optimism as well as for the vast scope of its ruminations.

Despite its 30 full-time researchers and four offices on three continents, the Hudson Institute is dominated by the brilliant, audacious, and thoroughly imposing Herman Kahn. Kahn first gained notoriety from the morbid gusto with which he addressed such subjects as "The Utility of Protecting Gold From Nuclear Attack" and "Chess as a Model for Thermonuclear War," and from his coinage of such terms as "mega-deaths." With Armageddon falling out of fashion, Kahn shifted his sights in the mid-Sixties to the world political and economic order, abandoning his fascination with doom for an equally iconoclastic credo of global optimism. Now critics attack him for opportunism. Kahn's many opponents note that he seems to have glowing news to report to anyone willing to hire him. A well-known economist claims that Kahn will "sell or say anything for a dollar."

Such charges are probably unfair; Kahn will say anything for an *argument*. A fierce controversialist, the immense, bearded polymath is fond of launching an outrageous proposition with a pudgy forearm sawing the air and then defending it to the hilt. "The biggest single problem in our society is basically maintenance," he asserts, referring to mechanical incompetence. Or, "OPEC has no control over market prices; it's not even a cartel." Kahn still enjoys thinking the unthinkable and defends his juggling of thermonuclear strategies in his usual tones: "To be in this business without any thought at all [about tactics] is so obscene that you shouldn't be a member of the human race anymore."

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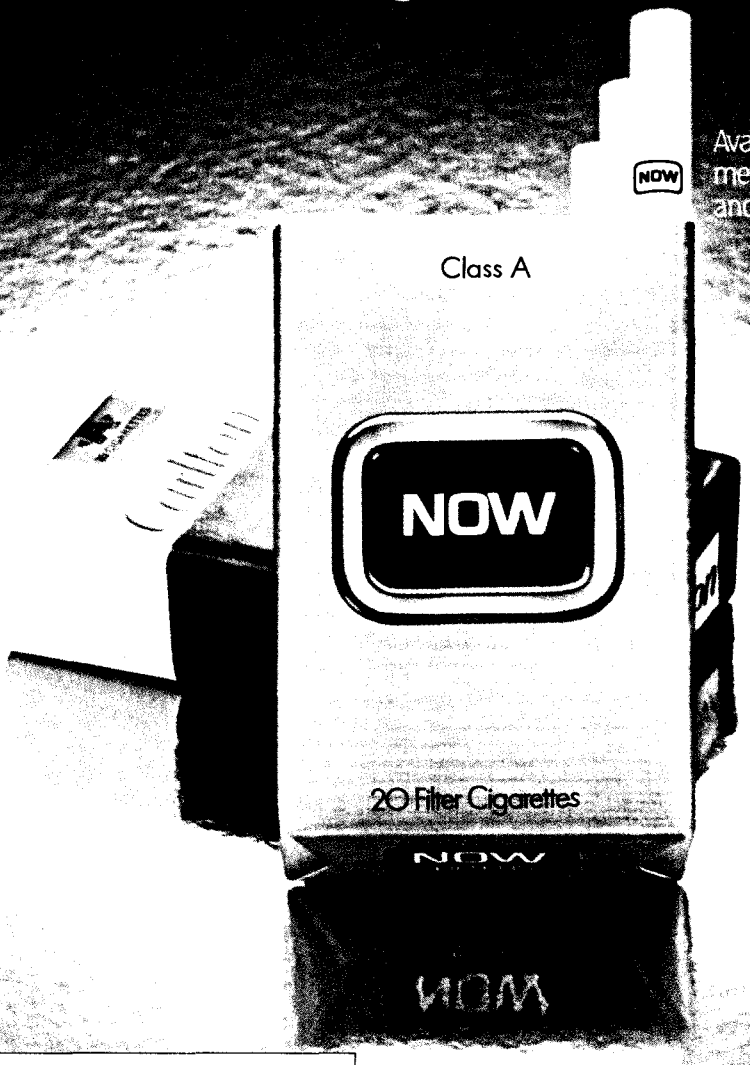

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Even Kahn's critics grant that he is overwhelming. Equally at home in the minutiae of mineral stocks and the vast sweep of history, he leaps across great intellectual territories, pausing only long enough to remark, "You first and foremost have got to have a certain amount of modesty." As he grows excited, his already rapid speech accelerates to a supersonic velocity, and he begins warming up one sentence in the middle of its predecessor. There's no arguing with Herman Kahn.

Most of Kahn's books begin with a set piece on "The Multifold Trend in World History," a set of 14 evolving characteristics of the last half-millennium. This concern with metahistory also permeates Hudson's projects. The Corporate Environment Program, which Kahn built up through personal visits to corporate grandees, provides long-range and short-range monitoring of world trends for 40 multinational companies. The goal of the program, in the words of director George Whitman, is to "present a world view for corporations with emphasis on certain contemporary issues." Among the subjects discussed in the program have been, "The New Atlantic Trade Context," "The End of the Single-Family Housing Boom (for Now)," and—presented by Kahn himself—"A New Kind of Class Struggle in the United States?"

Hudson also conducts a wide range of individual studies for government agencies and groups of companies. Kahn's influence is apparent here, too, especially in the institute's series of reports on the future of countries and regions—Japan, Korea, Brazil, South Africa, Arizona, Westchester County in New York—that have dedicated themselves to the sort of rapid economic growth that Kahn cherishes. In addition, the institute turns out a staggering load of articles and books—52 of the latter so far—that gain it a far wider audience than most other think tanks enjoy.

Despite revenues about equal to those of the Futures Group and an enthusiastic following of corporate moguls, Hudson's and Kahn's star has been falling of late. Leading futurologists admit to being embarrassed by Kahn's extravagant claims; Norman Nisenoff, an analyst for Forecasting International, describes Kahn as "grossly out of synchrony with everything that is real." Although the Corporate Environment Program's membership is fairly stable and most of the subscribers remain fascinated with the provocative ideas that it provides, some members are unimpressed. "Hudson's scenarios seem plausible enough, but what are we supposed to do with them?" asks Neil Holden, chief economist at Union Carbide. Holden admits that he would just as soon see his company leave the program for less speculative shores.

LIKE ANY CLAIMANTS OF new intellectual territory, futurologists have devoted a great deal of attention to the question of methodology. How is one to think about something that does not yet exist? Unlike clairvoyants, futurists claim no special powers of insight into human destiny; all they know, like the rest of us, is the present and the past. All they can do, then, is to study the way trends progress and interact, and speculate about events that may change the course of those trends. This is not essentially different from the way meteorologists think about the weather or the way any of us might think about making an investment.

Futurologists have managed to give new names to this standard form of deduction. The Futures Group, for example, has coined the term "Trend Impact Analysis" to refer to their own methodology. In their report on the labor-force participation rate of women, commissioned by the U.S. Labor Department, the group listed nine events that could affect the present growth rate of participation. These include a birth-rate increase, a divorce-rate decrease, a recession, the passage and enforcement of a federal full-employment law. Each event was assigned a probability of occurrence by 1982 and by 1990, and a "maximum impact" (how much the possible event would change the trend), as well as a figure for the number of years needed before that impact would be reached. How does the Futures Group decide that day-care centers have a 35 percent chance of becoming widely available by 1990, and that such a change could add 2 percent to the female work force? "It ultimately has to come down to a question of judgment," says Lillian Deitch.

Because the accuracy of such judgments, no matter how well informed by research and cogitation, is a highly debatable matter, futurologists have generally moved away from predictions in favor of "alternative futures." This method avoids the embarrassment of being proved wrong, since the analyst does not offer conjectures about outcomes but rather draws up a group of "scenarios," or possible images of the future, no one of them necessarily more probable than another. Although no policy-maker would base a decision on 10 evenly weighted scenarios, he would get a sense of the variety of possibilities, as well as of the interconnectedness of apparently disparate events.

The man most responsible for the popularity of the scenario—almost every futurist think tank now uses it liberally—is Herman Kahn. In his nuclear-disaster days, Kahn had speculated over the likely train of consequences of one hostile action or another; he imported this method of thinking into his political and economic thinking. In *On Alternative Futures*, a book-length study of world political and military order written for aerospace contractor Martin Marietta in 1965, Kahn and collaborators Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff explored 15 scenarios—visions of a world dominated by, variously, Russian aggressiveness, a new European confederation, or an unexpected new power.

But the scenario has its problems. It may completely miss the target with its intellectual grapeshot. None of the 15 scenarios in *On Alternative Futures* considers the eventuality of a new power center in the Middle East, and none deals with the possibility of a conflict over dwindling resources, perhaps the most plausible inducement to great-power warfare today. Nevertheless, with its high entertainment value and low risk, the scenario is almost sure to remain in general circulation.

Virtually the only subject that a futurologist will not talk about readily is his batting average. Nobody pays a think tank to tote up its past performance, and trepidation has prevented almost all the groups from doing so on their own. Most of them have done a competent job of discussing the consequences of basic modern trends: the advent of post-industrial society, the continuing alienation from large institutions, accelerated growth in the Third World, and the like.

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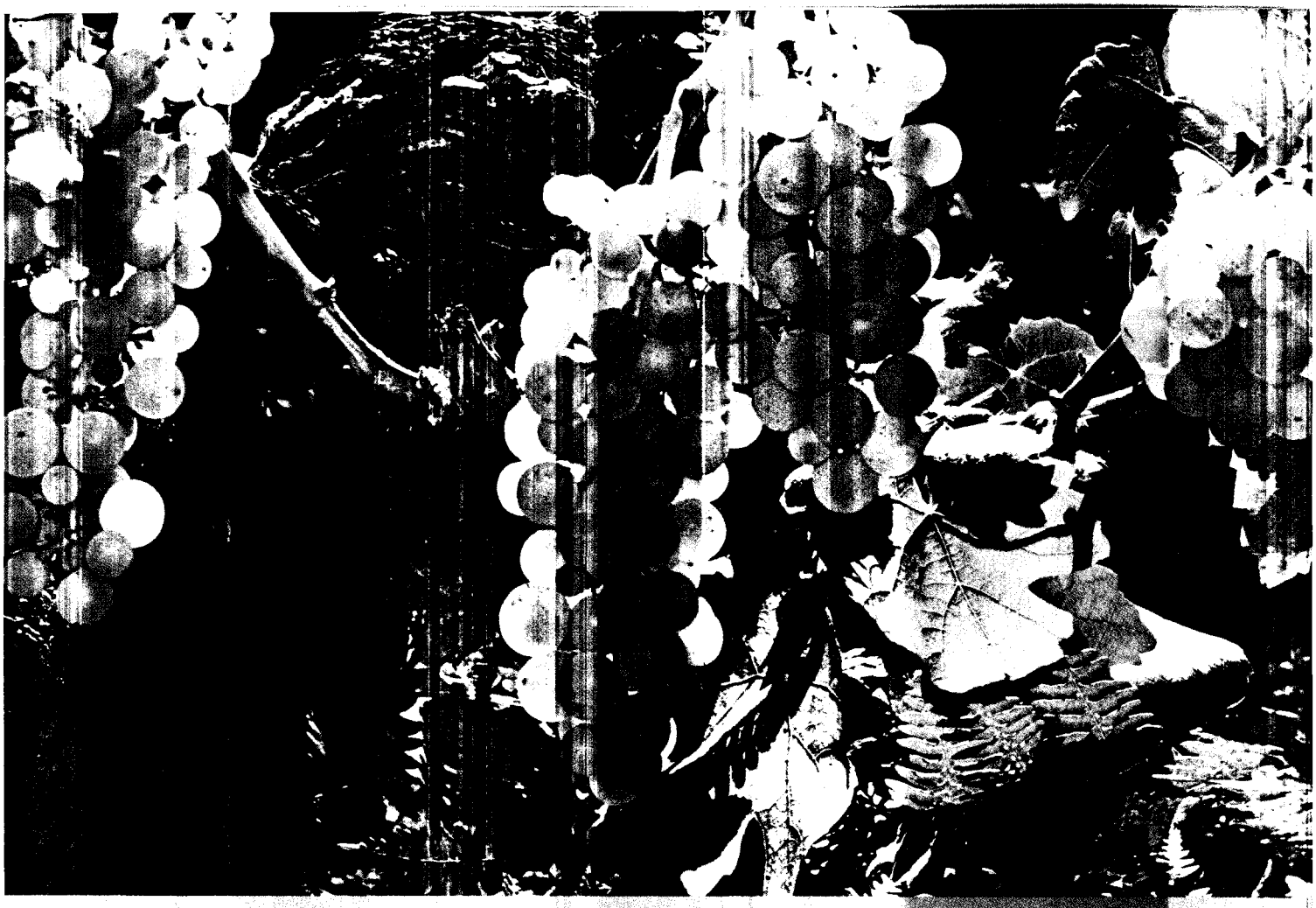

BECAUSE nature provides only the promise of great wine in these delicate Sauvignon Blanc grapes, the winemaker must guide and guard the young wine for it to fulfill that promise. Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO

Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA

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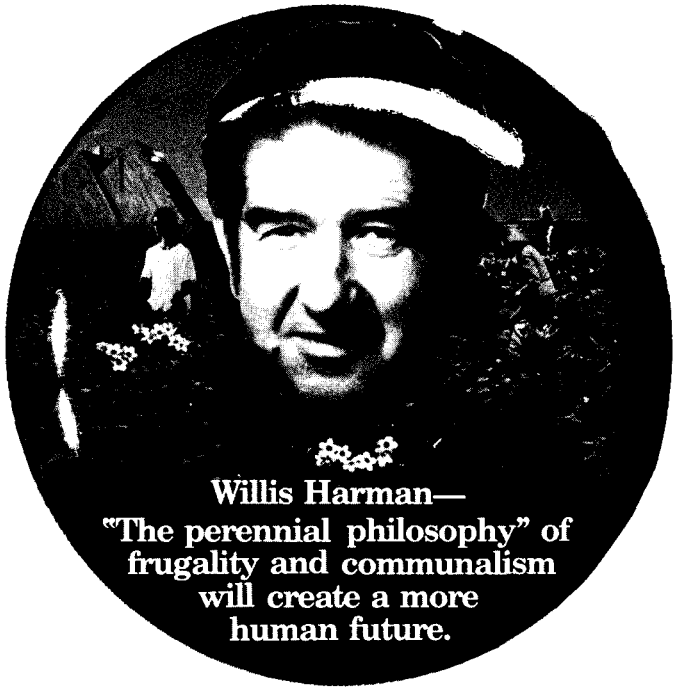
But ask them to recall a specific long-range forecast that correctly foresaw a change in trend, and futurologists get evasive. They not only have forecast all sorts of things that have yet to come to pass, but have missed, pretty much to a man, the major upheavals that have largely shaped the past decade. Economist Lester Thurow sums up the failure of forecasting: "These people would only be useful if they could tell us about change. But did any of them predict the war in Vietnam, the sudden drop in the growth rate of the population, the advent of structural inflation, or the intensity of the entrance of women into the labor force?"

Nor did the most important event of the 1970s, the quadrupling of oil prices in 1973, come in for much more than feeble adumbration. In their 1972 book on the Seventies and Eighties, *Things to Come,* Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs never even mention resource shortages, or energy, and pause only briefly in their discussion of "The Chronic Confrontations" to



Willis Harman—
"The perennial philosophy" of frugality and communalism will create a more human future.

observe that "the Third World has little economic strength" and "can contribute little to a world struggle." A study produced by the Institute of the Future in September 1973 did expect an energy crisis "early rather than late," but also had China flatly refusing to deal with multinational corporations, to secure long-term foreign loans, or to open significant trade relations with the United States; Iran representing "an island of stability in a Third World sea of change"; Egypt remaining unflinchingly hostile to the West; and so on.

Though demographic trends are widely considered the surest bets in the forecasting trade, neither experts nor futurists expected the sudden exhaustion of the baby boom in the mid-Sixties. American population in the year 2000 was generally projected at more than 300 million; now, even assuming a far greater number of immigrants than used to be expected, the figure is put at roughly 260 million. Nor was anyone prepared for the sudden entry of women into the labor force and its radical impact on American employment patterns. Herman Kahn hazarded a typical guess, in 1965, that the female labor participation rate would reach 42 percent by the year 2000; it is already over 50 percent.

Futurology's shoddy record on the economy should come as no surprise, since even short-term forecasting hasn't proved much more accurate than throwing dice. Futures studies in the 1960s had inflation tip-toeing up to 4.5 percent if things got really grim, but otherwise remaining at more moderate levels. General Electric's 1967 report on "Our Changing Business Environment," drawn up by widely respected futurist Ian Wilson, constitutes something of a text of such errors: Explosive world economic growth, it says, will become permanent; markets and economies generally will be far more stable; American unemployment rates will oscillate between 3 and 4.5 percent; black youths will experience "better than 50 percent gains" in employment.

The fact that futurologists swing at thin air so often should not generally be blamed on poor research or personal blindness so much as the intractability of the subject matter. We simply do not know the rules that govern the occurrence of accidents in economic, political, or social life; we do not know if there *are* rules. This failure would have been unimportant several centuries ago, when technology and social order could be trusted to stay moored in place over long periods of time. But now, when we live in a time of unparalleled dynamism, we realize how superficially we understand the laws of change. "The more important the study of the future becomes, the harder it becomes," says Roy Amara, head of the Institute of the Future.

But futurologists have not been daunted by this regrettable state of ignorance; instead, they have conducted a search for some sort of intellectual Holy Grail. Jay Forester, the computer wizard who designed the world model used in the Club of Rome's momentous *Limits of Growth* study, has seized on the Kondratieff Cycle, a supposed 50-year pattern of expansion and depression, to explain the world economy. The cycle, says Forester, predicts a depression for the mid-1980s. W.W. Rostow, on the other hand, argues that the cycle predicts *good* times for the 1980s. Dr. Gary Fromm, a taciturn, even-keeled economist at SRI International, rejects the Kondratieff Cycle entirely, but has begun work on the catastrophe theory, a mathematical theory that, when imported into the social sciences, is supposed to predict discontinuities in any system. Roy Amara is searching for a "unified field theory," an all-encompassing explanation for human events equivalent to the laws that Einstein hoped would explain physical events. Amara reports no luck so far.

The future of futurology looks just about as confusing as its past. It would be unreasonable to expect all scholars to agree on a single subject, of course, but the wild disparity in the futurologists' expectations gives the impression that any point of view can be justified. Some scribes, for example, have seen world population ultimately rising to 20 billion; Hudson guesses 10 billion; and Lester Brown, head of the environmentalist Worldwatch Institute, expects growth to stop before 6 billion. Predictions about oil prices are equally disparate: An official at the Department of Energy concerned about the price of oil 10 years hence could, depending on what result he wanted to hear, consult Norman Nisenoff at Forecasting International to find that the price of oil will triple in that period; consult the experts adverted to in a recent *Business Week* foray into futurology and discover that the price will rise "2 to 4 percent a year," or roughly 40 percent during the next decade; or hire Herman Kahn to learn that the real price of oil will decline. Futurologists do agree that the next 10 to 20 years will be even more volatile than the preceding decades: Kahn calls the upcoming period "L'Epoque de Malaise"; Willis Harman, head of the Social Policy Research Center, refers to it as "the slough of despond," taking a leaf from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Futurists don't agree, however, on our outlook for the more distant future; some expect things to start looking really bad at the turn of the century, while others believe that at that time we'll pull out of our funk.

The partisans of doom have been in the ascendant in the 1970s, a highly un-American state of affairs that speaks eloquently of the death of the idea of progress, still looked upon as the American civic religion. The publication of *The Limits of Growth,* with its shocking conclusion that the industrial system would suffer "overshoot and collapse" before the end of the next century, and probably a good deal earlier, made cata-

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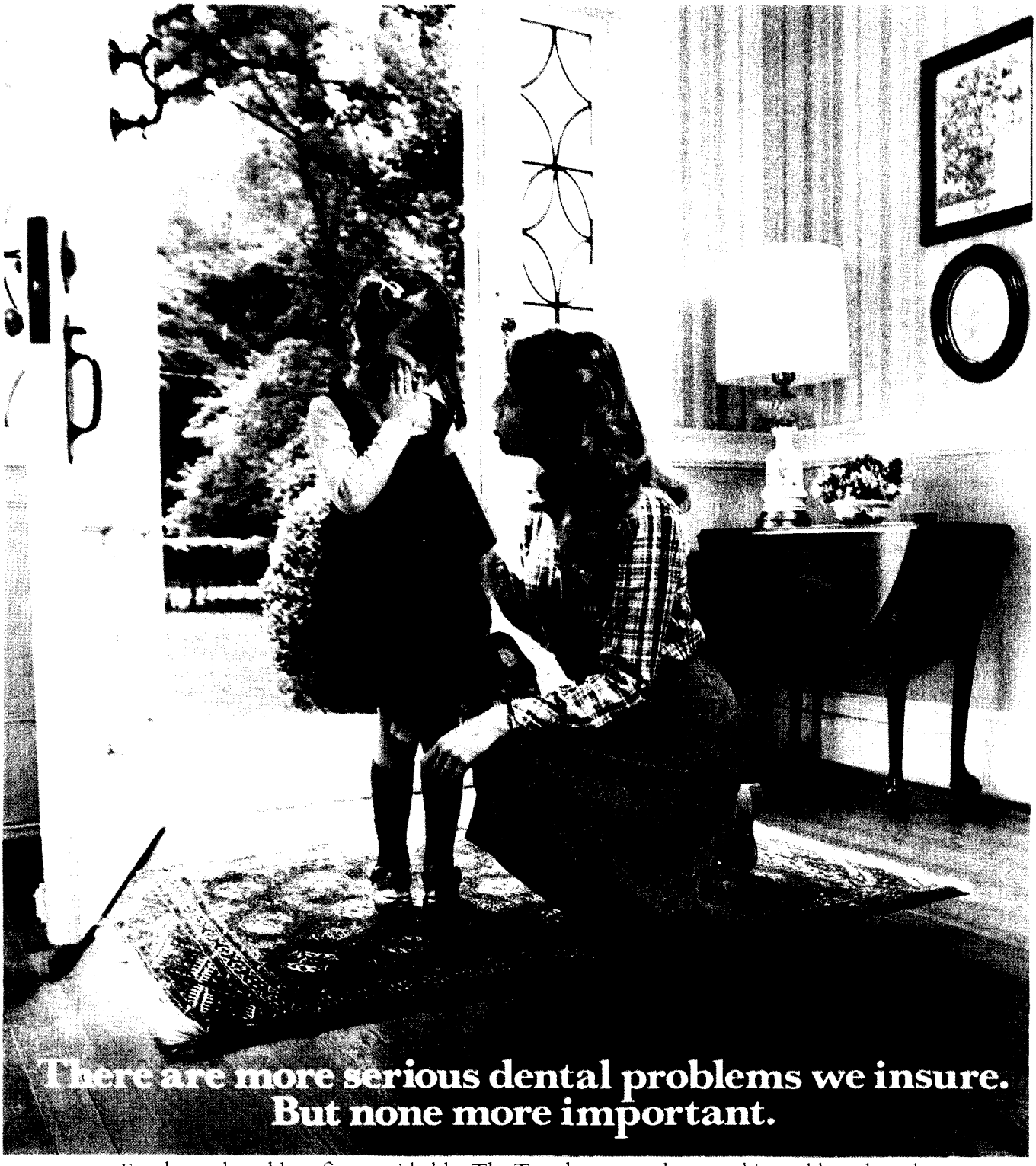

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Further, they cover problems that aren't even problems. Namely, preventive dentistry that, as the name implies, prevents problems from occurring at all.

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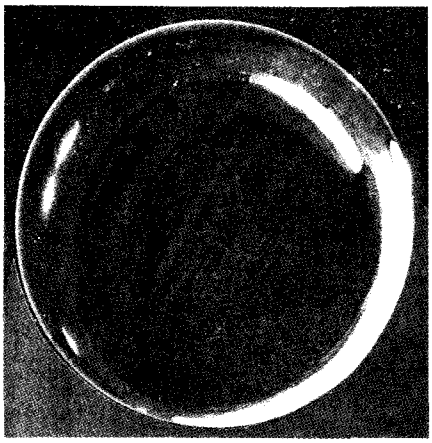


"Without forecasting there is effectively no freedom of decision," wrote Bertrand de Jouvenel, the father of futurology.

clysm fashionable. Lester Brown, who calls his Worldwatch Institute an "early warning system" for potential environmental crises, sees that "our major problems will get much worse before they get better." Edward Cornish, a journalist who has been bitten by the futurology bug and now edits *The Futurist* magazine, offers "a 50-50 chance that our civilization in its present high industrial form will no longer be around in 50 years." One could go on—but catastrophe becomes numbing after a while.

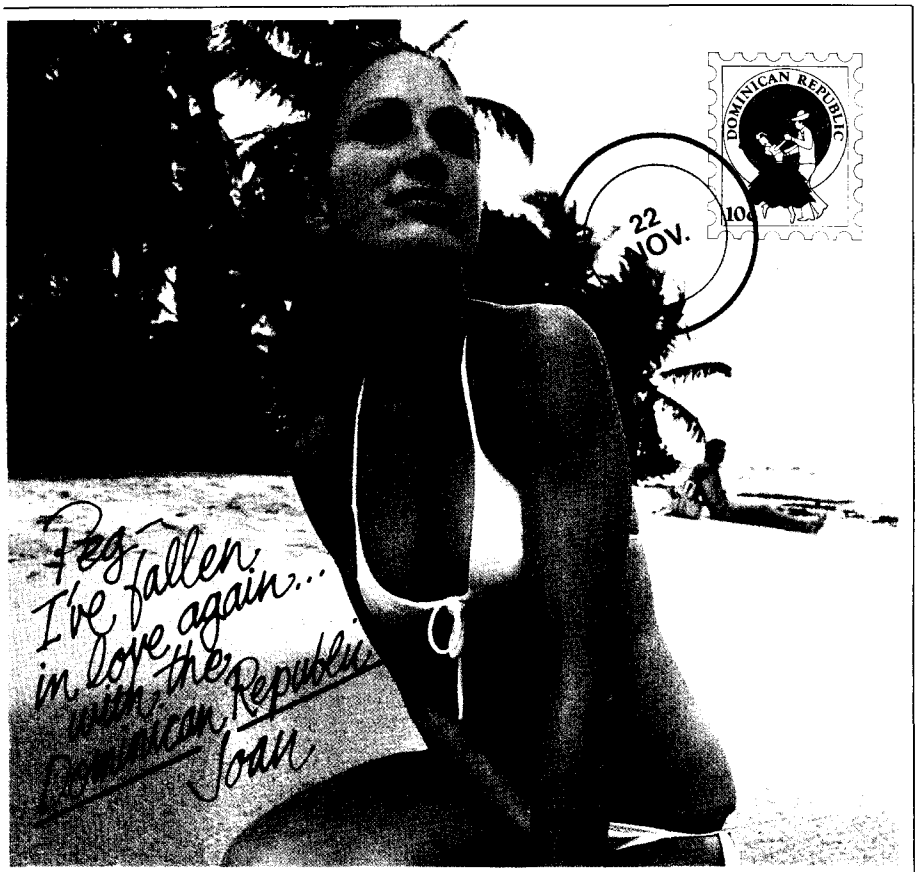
Facing down these nattering nabobs of negativism is the dauntless Herman Kahn. Kahn believes that "all of our technological problems can be solved in 25 years" by a commitment to growth and to the capacities of technology not yet perfected or invented. Such apparently severe problems as food shortages have been grossly exaggerated, he claims, and can be expected to evaporate before the advance of technology. After the confusion and divisiveness of the "Epoque de Malaise," Kahn expects things to get better and better until the year 2175 sees a world in which 10 billion people produce $20,000 (in present currency values) per capita. The dynamism of the industrial period will be behind us, and we will float on a sea of affluence.

Kahn has several unlikely comrades-in-utopia. Willis Harman, a fierce enemy of Kahn's high-tech world and an apparently profound pessimist who has written that "the industrialized world may be approaching its own rock-bottom phase," foresees a soft-technology, naturalistic version of Kahn's El Dorado. Harman sees the crisis of the next 25 years leading to an equally grave crisis of values. Out of this crucible will emerge "the perennial philosophy" of self-realization through the community and the cosmos; the new spirit will be participatory, ecological, frugal, and spiritual—what Kahn sneers at as "Consciousness III," the transcendent state described in Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*. Harman feels that the change is already upon us, citing a survey indicating that "roughly half the people in the United States have had their lives changed by a mystical experience."

Despite its dismal track record on the past, and the disorder with which it confronts the future, futurology cannot simply be dismissed. No one would argue that planning is bad in and of itself; and one can no more plan an economy or a city without adopting some view of the future than one can organize a trip without considering what the weather is likely to be. Bertrand de Jouvenel, the philosophical patriarch of futurology, has written that the only way out of the trap of crisis-management, to which governments are so prone, "lies in acquainting ourselves with emerging situations while they can still be molded.... In other words, without forecasting there is effectively no freedom of decision."

Perhaps what is needed, rather than the admittedly attractive option of throwing out the baby with the bathwater, is a more humble form of futurology, one that would approach predictions with greater trepidation and make a more concerted effort to understand the rules that govern individual areas before venturing out onto the tortured web of interdisciplinary study. A futurology of this sort might be short on dental-floss use; but it might help get us through the megacrisis waiting right around the corner.

Of course, if we agreed with the Greeks that "fate is too strong for thee and for the gods," then futurology would be a moot point; yet we recognize that the decisions we make today—decisions about the deployment of technology or of capital resources—will shape the future, though whether in the image of Herman Kahn or Willis Harman or Lester Brown remains to be seen. Futurologists cannot provide answers to the ultimate question of what the future *ought* to look like; this decision society itself must make. Until that moral consensus is reached, however, futurology will remain as divided and contentious as it is today. ◉



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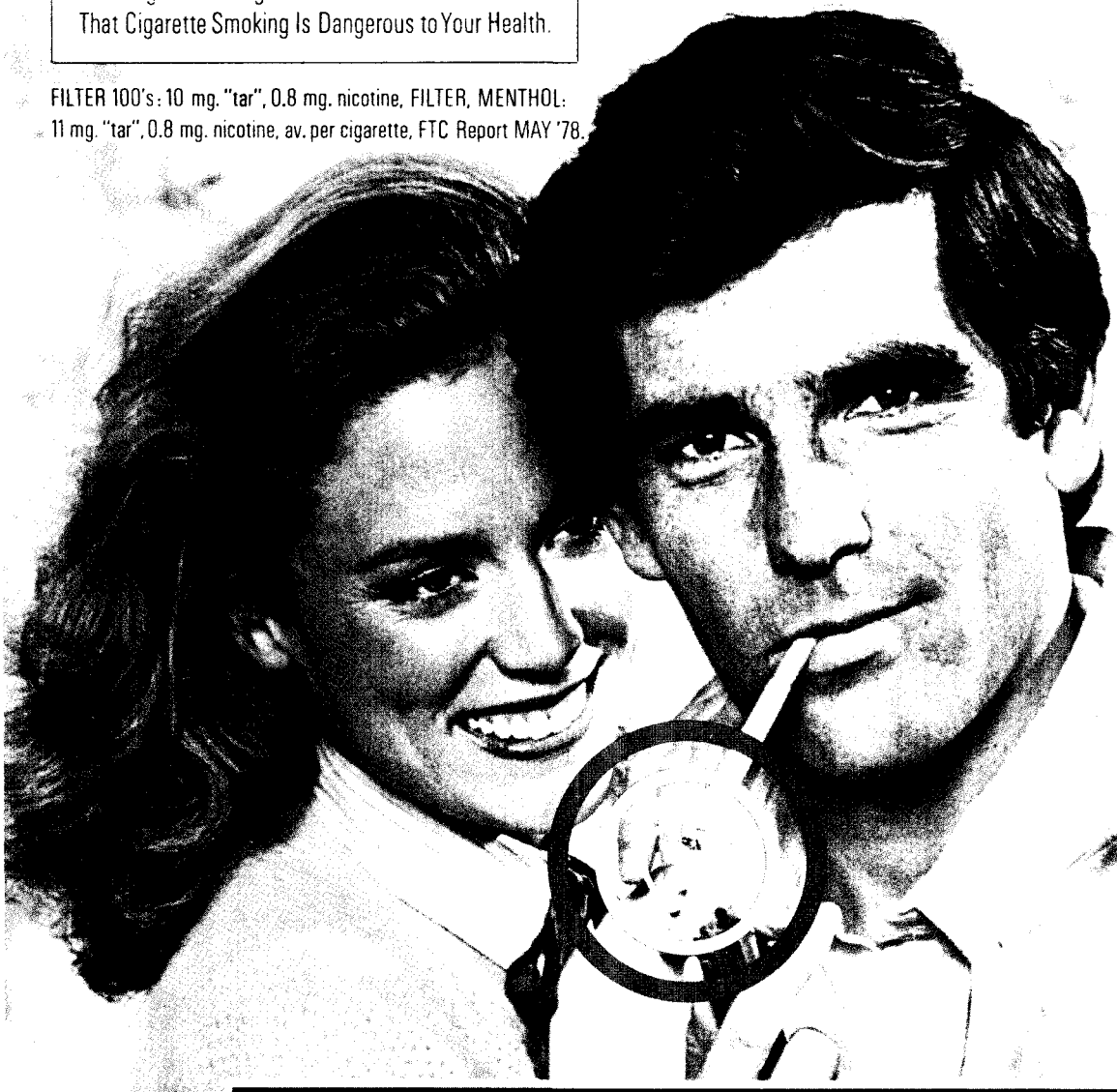

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It'll Never Fly, Orville

Two Centuries of Embarrassing Predictions

by Paul Dickson

MOST ARTICLES ON the future contain at least a few examples of uncannily correct predictions from the past. There is a whole litany of quotes and ideas from the likes of Leonardo da Vinci, H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and Edward Bellamy that is stunningly prescient. Verne's imagined trip to the moon is an oft-cited example because his vision was so close to the actual Apollo landing. He correctly described the proper crew size (three), the actual launch site (Florida), and came within 17 inches of estimating the correct length of the spacecraft.

We have heard so many of these good predictions that, save for the most dramatic, they are all starting to sound alike. As an antidote to all of this relentless rectitude—and as a caution to the perennial "It can't be done" predictions—here are some of the worst wrong-headed predictions on record.

Anesthesia

The abolishment of pain in surgery is a chimera. It is absurd to go on seeking it today. "Knife" and "pain" are two words in surgery that must forever be associated in the consciousness of the patient. To this compulsory combination we shall have to adjust ourselves.

—Dr. Alfred Velpeau, 1839

The Atomic Bomb

That is the biggest fool thing we have ever done....The bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert in explosives.

—Admiral William D. Leahy to President Truman, 1945

Aviation (Social Impact)

There is one more progress to be realized ... to find the means of guiding in a mass of air a lighter bubble than air....That very instant frontiers vanish, barriers are effaced; the entire Chinese Wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationalities, around progress falls down....No more hatreds, no more self-interests devouring one another, no more wars; a new life made up of harmony and light prevails.

—Victor Hugo, 1842

Aviation

The demonstration that no possible combination of known substances, known forms of machinery, and known forms of force can be united in a practical machine by which man shall fly long distances through the air, seems to the writer as complete as it is possible for the demonstration of any physical fact to be.

—Simon Newcomb, astronomer, 1903

Insanity

We are gradually approaching, with the decadence of youth, a near proximity to a nation of madmen. By comparing the lunacy statistics of 1809 with those of 1909...an insane world is looked forward to by me with a certainty in the not far distant future.

—Dr. Forbes Winslow, 1910

Invention

The advancement of the arts from year to year taxes our credulity and seems to presage the arrival of that period when further improvement must end.

—Henry L. Ellsworth, U.S. Commissioner of Patents, 1844

Manhattan

By the year 1900, Brooklyn undoubtedly will be the city, and Manhattan will be the suburb. Brooklyn has room to spread; Manhattan has not. The New Yorker uptown on 35th Street already finds it a tedious and annoying job to commute to his business downtown and home again. Can you imagine him fighting his way all the way up to the pig farms on 100th Street 40 years hence?

—George Templeton Strong, 1865

Population

The population of the earth decreases every day, and, if this continues, in another 10 centuries the earth will be nothing but a desert.

—Montesquieu, 1743

The Steam Engine

What sir, you would make a ship sail against the wind and currents by lighting a bonfire under her decks? I pray you excuse me. I have no time to listen to such nonsense.

—Napoleon to Robert Fulton

War and Violence

To kill a man will be considered as disgusting as we in this day consider it disgusting to eat one.

—Andrew Carnegie, 1900, on the purging of war in the 20th century

The West

I have never heard of anything, and I cannot conceive of anything more ridiculous, more absurd, and more affrontive to all sober judgment than the cry that we are profiting by the acquisition of New Mexico and California. I hold that they are not worth a dollar!

—Daniel Webster, Senate speech, 1848

World Collapse

My figures coincide in fixing 1950 as the year when the world must go to smash.

—Henry Adams, 1903

The Brave New World of 1980

Scientists convened for the "Technology Forecast for 1980 Conference" by the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn in October, 1969 predicted:

Automated highways on which cars will travel safely in heavy traffic at high speeds without driver control.

Undersea hotels and resorts.

Such universal use of computerization that man's brain will finally be freed for pure research rather than even sophisticated mechanical use.

Orbiting factories in space.

Paul Dickson is a Washington-based writer and author of The Future File.

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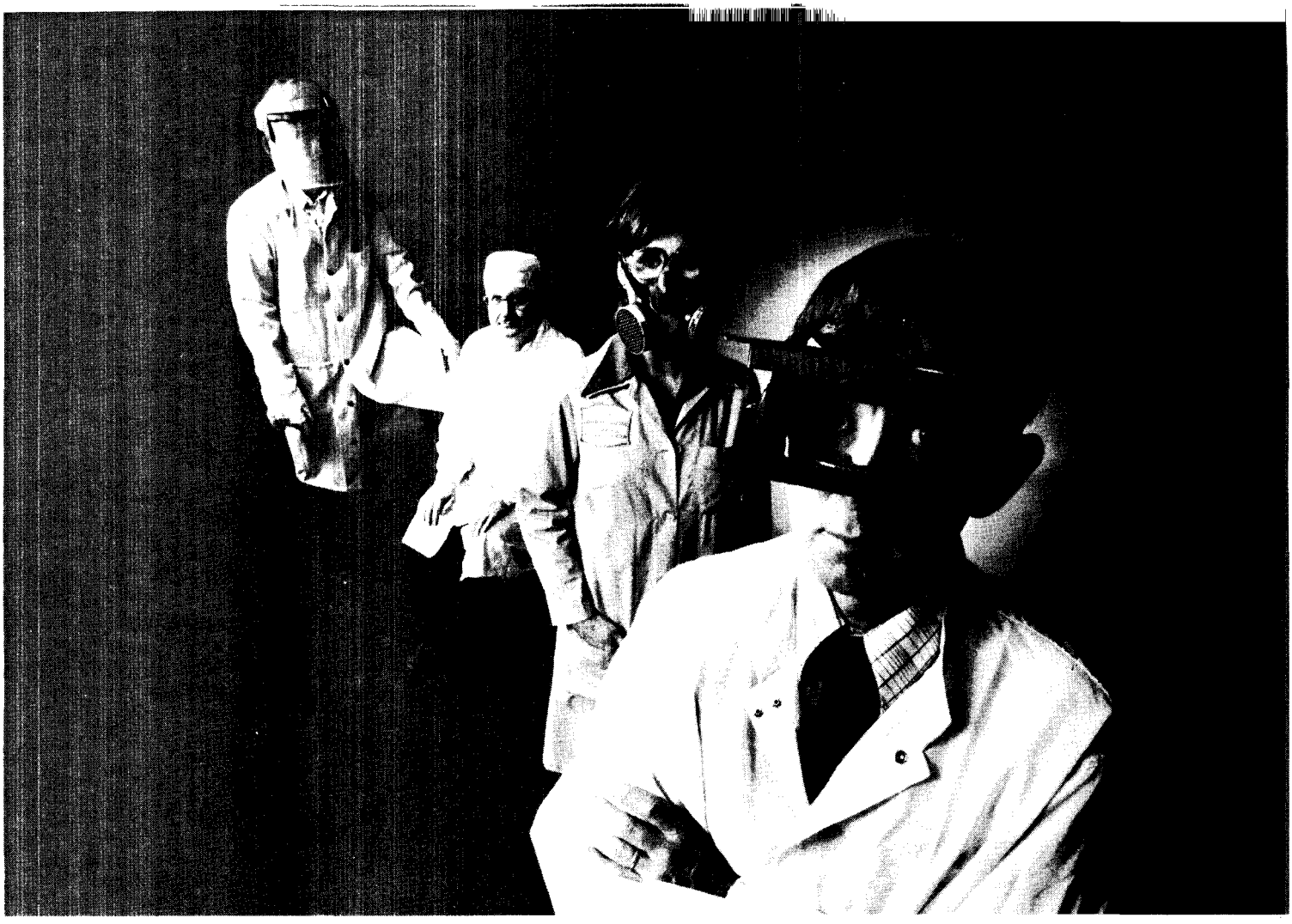

We pay these scientists to make our production lines obsolete.

As soon as there's a better way to do something, the old way becomes obsolete.

And these scientists do nothing *but* design new and better ways for Western Electric to manufacture products for the Bell System. In the last two years, they and their colleagues at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center have helped cut costs by over $156 million.

They are a vital part of Western Electric's commitment to helping the Bell System keep the cost of communications service down, while keeping the quality up.

The Factory's Laboratory

The people at our Engineering Research Center work full time on manufacturing research. Over 50% of them are PhD's.

At home in the factory as well as the lab, they turn theoretical experiments into real savings. For example, while exploring ways to improve production of telephone circuit boards, they invented a totally new material with which to make the boards and a whole new way to mass-produce them.

Another breakthrough is already saving more than $2 million a year. It's a new soldering technique that makes 20,000 connections in less than 60 seconds.

The list of money-saving developments goes on. A new computer program that makes technical drawings in one-fourth the time of manual methods. An automatic system for sorting telephone parts by color. A process that measures the production of optical fiber 1000 times per second, keeping its diameter accurate within 30-millionths of an inch. And there's a new system that takes only 30 seconds to help align tiny integrated circuits that are 200 times thinner than the thinnest human hair.

These are just a few examples of what the Engineering Research Center does throughout *all* of Western Electric's manufacturing operations—developing new ideas in technology to improve telephone products and produce them at lower cost.

Anticipating the Future

Much of the work of the Engineering Research Center is designed to keep Western Electric ahead of technology, by anticipating what new processes will be needed for tomorrow's products.

It's a total and ongoing commitment. A commitment to provide you with the highest quality telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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From Here to Eternity

In Which We Rummage Through Destiny's Pocket

by Mark O'Donnell

Tomorrow is the biggest word in the English language.

—an unknown civics teacher, 1948, and every year thereafter

OTHERWISE untalented men from Nostradamus on down have sought to prefurnish Tomorrow's vast, cleanly corridors with crowds of garish, overstuffed Possibilities, and today's future is no exception. A new decade yawns before futurologists—as who wouldn't?—and they are meeting its challenge by strip-mining the prairies of Potentiality and showing off their swag like moon rocks won at poker.

What will tomorrow hold for us Present Day types? More importantly, what of that will it accidentally drop? What do the futurologists see of war, of peace, in times to come? Why are they selling all their waterfront property?

Before we unwrap Time's veiling bandages, however, remember that the future is like a doe venturing from the woods to lick salt from your hand, or possibly to root around in your garbage. In that case it's like a raccoon. But it's more like a deer, usually. Maybe two deer. Anyway, you can't rush the future. Slowly, the sweet by-and-by will come up behind you (assuming, like most, you're facing the past) and nuzzle the small of your back, bringing with its shy, wet overtures anything from tall, dark strangers to nuclear cataclysm.

Those who cannot learn from the future are condemned to experience it. Let us review the coming years, and vow never to repeat them.

The Eighties

In the near future, the family as we know it will cease to exist, even on important holidays. More and more dual-career couples will move into beige apartments in a single, continent-spanning renovated city. Instead of having children, they will have stereos, plants, and magazines. In fact, magazines called *Son* and *Daughter* will substitute for child-rearing, featuring articles and photographs of a boy or girl that will age along with the subscription.

People will become so neurotically independent that they will have their spouses regularly arrested for invasion of privacy. Boutiques full of other people's old photographs, mementos, and clothing will proliferate, and Salvation Army Chic will give the Willfully Inexperienced Generation its chance to feel witty and childlike by donning the broken flotsam of lives it is unequipped to imagine. Everyone will be a lawyer who dislikes his job.

The Nineties

The world's nations will aggregate into three enormous Megalands, each of which will talk about the third when it isn't around. Paper money will become meaningless, but you wouldn't know it to hear it talk. Submarines with cowcatchers will plow the ocean floor for plankton and kelp to feed our enemies. We'll wear clothes with batteries and inhale protein vapors instead of eating.

For entertainment, people will be surgically transplanted to someone else's life for a few days, although this probably won't include check-signing privileges. Robots will attend movies for us and give us print-out capsule summaries that will allow us more free time to contemplate our increasingly smooth and hairless skin. Electrified animals will do our tax forms for us, and out-of-work literate chimpanzees will write our diaries in our stead. However, the extra leisure hours gained from all these services will be largely absorbed by the new style of leisure: Games, parties, and even sexual episodes will take twice as long, since we'll watch the videotapes afterward.

Exclusive nurseries for adults will spring up in warehouses and old hotels, allowing those who have released every other discipline to dismiss what remains of bodily control.

The Long Term—After Eternity, What?

In a trillion years or so (and this will come sooner than you think, especially if you agree to have dinner then with someone you don't like), man will have evolved into balls of light or just plain Pure Being. We may fuss around with extra fingers and turnip-shaped heads, but ultimately we'll go with the Pure Being look. Hammock sales will go down drastically. Man will not need toiletries or antacids or even a mailing address—he will just sort of hum or pulsate and meld with the universe. There will be greater voter awareness, and at sing-alongs everyone will know all the words. There will be no more ugliness, although there may be occasional rudeness in checkout lines. Man will have transcended love and revenge but some people may still put XXXs at the end of telegrams or publicly embarrass someone else's Pure Being.

On the sports scene, a solar holocaust will incinerate our planet, so there will be no professional athletics for a while. Eventually they will get the Davis Cup going again, but without a sun to measure time, a lot of the participants will arrive late. As man phases out his physical side, there will be only touch football, and even that will get just pathetic as we near the Pure Being state. After that, it will be mostly Twenty Questions.

Beyond a trillion years in the future, there's no one you'd know, and here many futurologists lose interest in watching, but several foresee a dark era in the history of the earth, followed by a very successful revival of *Show Boat*.

In Closing: Why the Future?

Why does man relish these whiffs of that eternally dangling carrot, Tomorrow? Most of us are tired of the past—if not of our own, then certainly of others' versions of theirs'—and the present is a mere flash of tangled rope as we slide down the tightening slip knot of time. The future, when you come down to it, is all we have left, and it doesn't even exist. No wonder futurologists say (at least after a few drinks), "Tomorrow is like a woman: So long as she keeps you waiting, you assume she's beautiful." If only her kid brother Today didn't pester us while we wait.

Mark O'Donnell has written for the New York Times, New Times, *and other publications.*

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A very thoughtful sackful.

On second thought more and more people are unwrapping the sack instead of their usual.

So this Christmas, why give the usual?

Wrap the sack. Dry Sack.

It's a very thoughtful sackful.

WILE
NEW HYDE PARK, N.Y.

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PLAYING THE GAMES

Adult Toys Become Fashionable

by John Mariani

GEORGE DITOMASSI gets a bit breathless talking about Simon, an electronic computer game that has caused adults to line up outside toy stores early each morning. "Simon has caused fist fights," says Ditomassi, who is senior vice-president of marketing at Milton Bradley Company and a man people like to call a "marketing whiz." "Simon broke every rule in the books for a new game," he continues, as he hops up on a conference desk to demonstrate how Simon's computer chip challenges one's ability to remember its seemingly random flashes of colored lights and gives the raspberry to any player who forgets the sequence. "Most games are aimed at the 12-year-old," says Ditomassi, "and it's good if you can get a five-year age span of interest. Anything more than that is fantastic. But when we started showing Simon around, *everybody*, I mean *everybody*, went wild! Suddenly we had an age span from eight to 80."

Ditomassi, who has been with Milton Bradley for 19 years, gets excited just thinking about the way he threw a party for Simon at Studio 54 (pre-scandals), the flamboyant discotheque in New York where colored lights are the least of the attractions. "This is a conservative company," he explains, "so people thought I was a little crazy renting Studio 54 and inviting Vitas Gerulaitis, Neil Sedaka, and Vidal Sassoon. We had a giant mock-up of Simon built and put the real ones all around the floor. People couldn't stop playing with the things. The press went mad over them. We couldn't get them away from the games. Then the reports started to come in. Tom Snyder did a piece on his show, and the next day F.A.O. Schwarz sold dozens. Sammy Davis, Jr. walked into a toy store in Beverly Hills and bought 12 for his friends.

"Simon's popularity was all due to press and word of mouth. On a game that we gave a suggested retail price of $29.95—that's a lot for a toy nobody's ever heard of—we did no ads, no promotion on Saturday-morning TV, and we released it in March, the worst time of the year for toys. But then we heard that people were fighting over Simon in stores. It was being bootlegged for $75 in the upper 70s on Madison Ave-

ROBERT CRAWFORD

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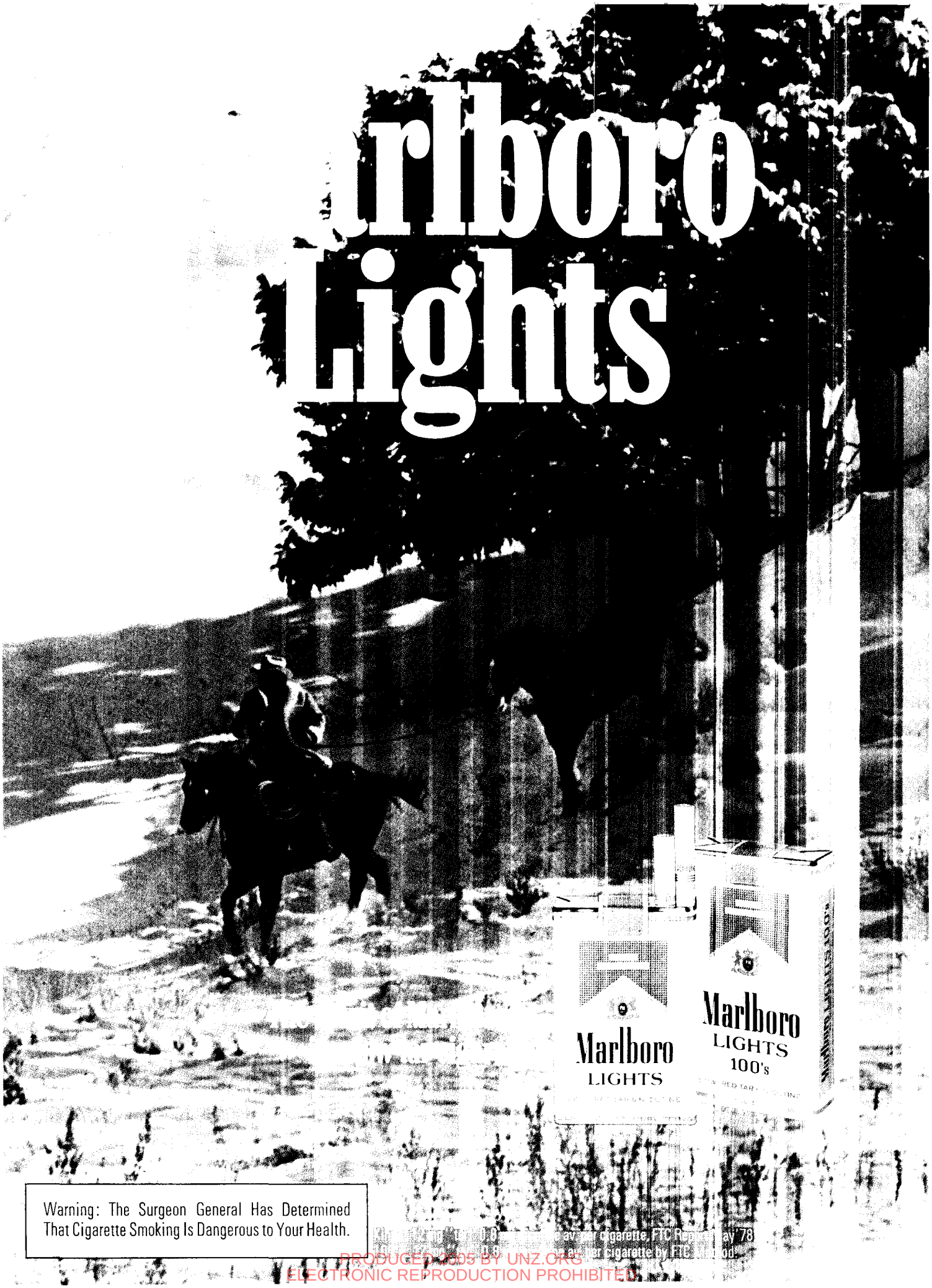

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nue—I can't tell you exactly where. We've sold 2 million units this year. Now we can't supply enough of Simon even to our best customers. We can't get enough computer chips to fill the orders. Can you believe that?"

Simon was the runaway best-selling new game toy of last year, and it is in the forefront of a new generation of games that appeal to both kids and adults in ways no one could have foreseen 10 years ago. Not even the proponents of those TV video games, in which you can play 80 variations of tennis with a light dot, could have imagined the future of adult games based on electronics and computers. These marvels of technology are specifically geared to the leisure market, which increasingly must take into account a falling birth rate and a rising interest in challenging games.

Adult games have, like blue jeans, become fashionable. Games by their very nature are exercises in aggression, cooperation, competitiveness, and fantasy of a hand-held variety. There are now categories of "metaphor" games, "abstract" games, "topical" games, "sports" games, and "cerebral" games. Some games appeal to snobbery, such as Beverly Hills, in which one builds up points in glamour and status on a board reproducing the stores on Rodeo Drive. Regatta is about yacht racing, and Smokers Wild claims to inspire smokers to stop (this one intended for the age 12 to adult market). Energy Quest is based on possible strategy for and chances of finding new sources of energy. In Magic Realm up to 16 people become involved with role playing and meaningful encounters. And, of course, there are the old favorites like Scrabble, Risk, Life, and the grandmaster of them all, Monopoly.

Milton Bradley turned Monopoly down in the early Thirties because it felt a game about money and real estate wouldn't go over well during the Depression. It has since sold more than 80 million copies for Parker Brothers.

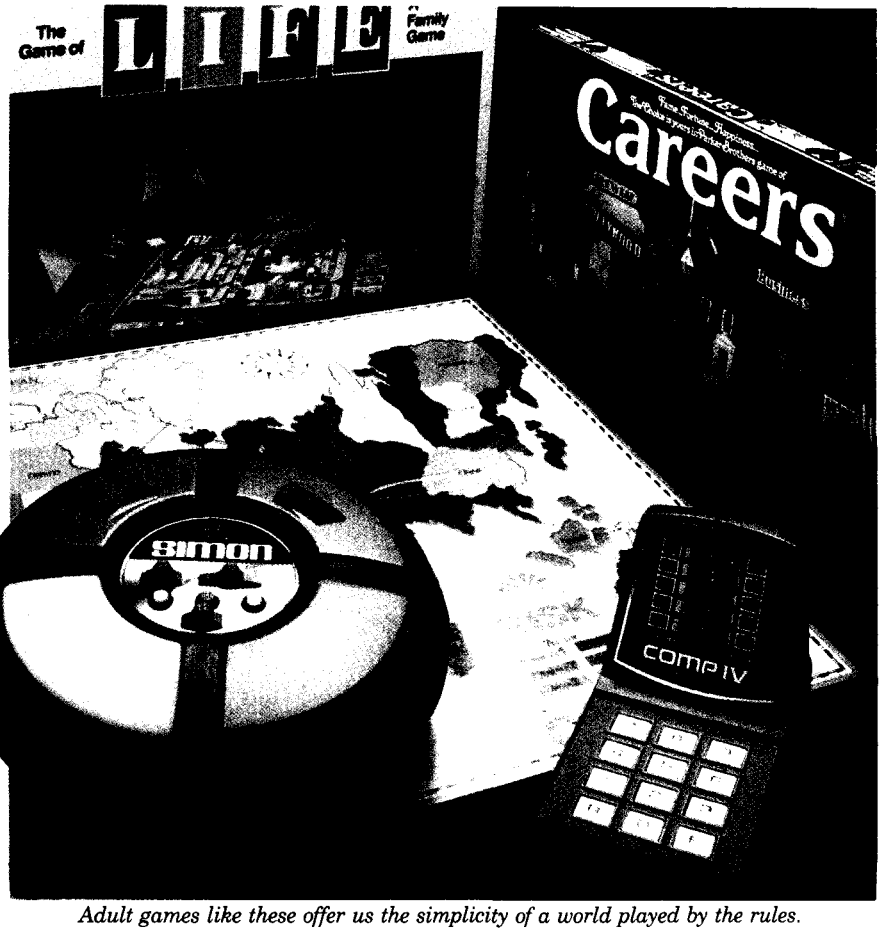
But George Ditomassi says he probably wouldn't buy the rights to Monopoly if someone brought it in today. He's more interested in games like Comp IV, a computer game that has become the next big winner in the Milton Bradley line-up. Comp IV challenges the player to find out which three numbers have been programmed into the unit by the other player. Though the cerebral character of the game can be frustrating to one not so attuned, the game seems to attract a wide range of adults. "We chained some of these to bars in singles' clubs in New York," says Ditomassi, "and in the first-class lounges at airports. Sixty-five percent of the people who played the game loved it. They'd come in and demand it from the bartender! They'd get so good that they'd throw away the pad and pencil. The object of any good game—for adults or kids—is to keep that relationship. That's why gimmicky games about topical subjects don't sell much."

Bill Dohrmann, vice-president of research and development at Parker Brothers, agrees: "The concept of a game for adults must be superseded by the ideas and rules. A game like Masterpiece isn't really anything like a real art auction. Skydivers won't relate to a board game on skydiving. The difference between a good game and a bad game is in the nuances of the rules. We were once offered a game called Blacks and Whites, about race relations. We passed on that one. A game should be an escape, not a confrontation."

Nevertheless, subtle and subconscious aggressions come into play at the game board, and even the professionals have a hard time trying to figure out why a game succeeds or fails. James Houlihan, a vice-president of research and development with Milton Bradley for 26 years, insists there are elements that make a game popular, but, he says, "I don't want to tell you what they are. I'll tell you a taboo, though: Don't ever try to sell a game to kids that involves lying or bluffing. We had a game like that. The adults loved it, but kids just didn't know how to lie. It wasn't in their nature." Game companies' definition of kids, by the way, is not ours. "In this business," says Parker Brothers's Dohrmann, "you become an adult at the age of 10."

Dr. Dorothy Worcester, who has a degree in psychology and is vice-president of market research and director of creative services for Milton Bradley, distinguishes between the way children and adults approach a game. "All children are game players," she says, "but not all adults are. Around the age of 12 people change. For many children a game is a release of frustration. They can play a game with a parent and use aggressive language toward Daddy. They can even symbolically *kill* Daddy off. Adults seem to prefer strategy, action, skill, one-on-one competition.

"All games must be competitive. We once had a game called Happiness, which stressed the need to help one another out and was not competitive. It bombed. When I first saw Simon, it did not have a 'reward factor'—it would keep going until the player made an error. I told them that you've got to have a stopping point and a recogni-



KOSOFF/BUTENSKY

Adult games like these offer us the simplicity of a world played by the rules.

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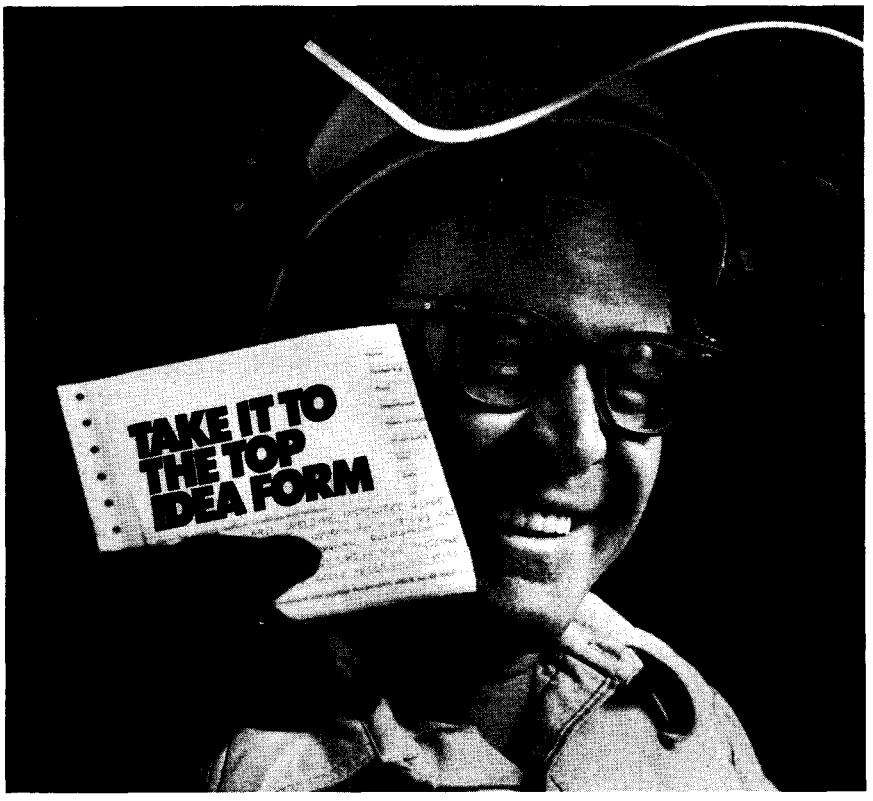
Thanks to a better idea from Joe Dingus, we've cut costs and increased productivity.



Joe Dingus, who works at Bethlehem's Buffalo Tank Division, was awarded a new car for his better idea: an inexpensive template to facilitate intricate burning of steel plates during fabrication.

Joe's better idea—submitted in Bethlehem's 1978 "Take It To The Top" program—is now helping us cut costs at the Fairfield, Md., plant of our Buffalo Tank Division. Lower costs lead to increased productivity. And increased productivity is one way to fight inflation.

Better ideas save money.

During our 1978 program, Bethlehem employees turned in more than 9,000 ideas for new ways of working smarter. Over the next three years, we expect to save more than $15 million solely from suggestions generated by that campaign. And we expect equally as good results from our 1980 program.

People in government can work smarter, too.

When you get right down to it, deficit spending by government is the chief cause of inflation. We need to take better ideas to the top in government, too. We need to keep government aware that unfettered spending must be brought under control—and that one way to check inflation is to make our tax dollars more productive.

Let's all take our better ideas to the top.

Cutting inflation down to size is everybody's business. One way you can help is to take your own better idea for fighting inflation to someone who can do something about it.

That someone may be President Carter...your boss... your governor...your representatives in Congress...?????

Your idea, like Joe's, *can* make a difference. But only if you share it.

Bethlehem
Working Smarter

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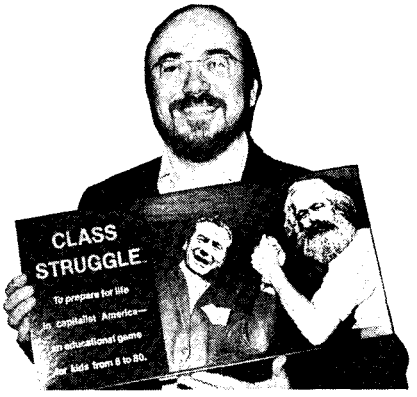
tion that the player has won. So when a player makes an error, he gets a 'raspberry sound,' and when he reaches a certain point, Simon rewards him by going wild with colors and sound. A game must give satisfaction."

Most games do not in fact originate at Parker Brothers, Milton Bradley, Mattel, or any of the other big toy-game companies. I had half expected on my visit to corporate headquarters at Parker Brothers to find a room full of slightly wacky men in short-sleeve shirts and beanies with propellers on top, grown-up children who sat around all day thinking up new variations on Yahtze. Actually, most "blue sky" development is done by inventors on the outside, either by individual game inventors or by game think tanks that originate, develop, and design the board games ultimately bought and copyrighted by Parker Brothers and Milton Bradley. The competition among game inventors is fierce, and the think tanks keep a very tight lid on their ideas and inventors. Two years ago at Chicago's Marvin Glass & Associates, a very secret little organization with no windows in its building, an electronics engineer shot three company executives to death and then killed himself, leaving behind a message saying they were out to get him.

Some would argue that all games especially for adults are subliminal attempts to put oneself in jeopardy and to destroy one's opponents. In *The Boardgame Book* (Viking), Robert C. Bell describes more than 80 ancient and traditional games dating back to 2000 B.C., including a number of old favorites like the Zunis' Fighting Serpents, the Egyptians' Palm Tree, the Ceylonese Sixteen Soldiers, and the big hit of Athens and Pompeii, To Bed With Venus. (Incidentally, only the Eskimos and the Australian aborigines have no native board games.) Common to all adult war games is the imitation of warfare or the idea of a passage through fear toward salvation. Parker Brothers' Risk (about global warfare and total domination of the whole world) and Careers (in which one tries to attain one's personal success quotient for money, fame, and happiness) are merely updates of the formulas.

But the big-volume game manufacturers want no part of true topicality at this point. Such an attitude is somewhat surprising in light of the quirky success of an eccentric game called Class Struggle, which sold 42,000 copies last year, and of the enormous growth in the market for war games. Invented by a New York University political-science professor named Bertell Ollman, who raised a bit of controversy some while back over the University of Maryland's refusal to hire a Marxist like him to head the department, Class Struggle is a game about two interest groups—big business and big labor. Two rule books enable one to play by either chance or strategy. Players try to form a majority coalition with other players, amid elections and strikes. Students ally with farmers, professors with businessmen, labor leaders with politicians. Sales representative John Mason says the game is "aimed at the people who buy books. Our customers get it at book and department stores and are generally college-age or young professionals.

"Warner Bros. is thinking of making a movie about Professor Ollman, and Simon & Schuster just signed for the foreign rights to the game. There's an Italian edition that came out in September, which we expect to go over well. Sargent Shriver recently gave eight copies to friends in Moscow, and we hear that it is being distributed in the People's Republic of China as part of their English-language educational program."



Bertell Ollman and his eccentric game.

I remember once reading about how poor little kids in Red Chinese communes were forced to play with big, heavy iron toys that could only be lifted with their comrades' help, and now I've got to change that image to the children of the People's Republic trying to make Marxist sense out of an American game pitting George Meany against Bertell Ollman.

Though Class Struggle seems to sound more like a game that would have been a big seller at Berkeley in the Sixties, the list of successful war games brought out within the last five years is a telling sign of the Seventies. "There is a real subculture out there for war games," says Tom Shaw, executive vice-president of Avalon Hill Games Company in Baltimore, which has made 30 war games with names like Battle of the Bulge, Blitzkrieg, and Waterloo. "It has all really taken off since 1974," Shaw continues. "Following Vietnam there was such an antiwar bias that some stores wouldn't even carry our games at all. We'd been making war games since 1958, and the Vietnam period was rough. Then, about five years ago, things picked up again. People forgot. Older teenagers didn't relate to Vietnam. Magazines devoted to war games began to appear—*The General* publishes six issues a year and has 20,000 subscribers.

"A few years ago the Harvard Co-Op wouldn't allow our games in the store; now they can't get enough of them. During the semester break in the summer (at the University of Michigan last year and at Widener College this year) at a big convention, 4,500 college-age war-game nuts showed up to play. If we try to discontinue some of our games, we get irate letters demanding we bring them back. Parker Brothers and Milton Bradley don't care about games like ours, which sell less than 100,000 units a year. They cut them off. But we're getting into the hobby market, the stationery stores, the pure game stores where adults buy these things.

"We have 56 percent of the war-games market now, and for us selling 25,000 units of a game in a year is good. Our games are complex, are all designed on the premises, and can be very, very sophisticated. Our Magic Realm is expected to do in the neighborhood of 90,000 units. Magic Realm is based on Frank Herbert's novel *Dune*, about a barren planet where a spice grows that's necessary for long life. As many as 16 players take on roles of characters—sorcerer, priest, wood nymph, witch—with abilities to attract and attack people. You've got to locate treasures. Defeat monsters. Eliminate those people. It's a hell of a game."

Adult games of the future will wed fantasy, aggression, and technology together. Undoubtedly, the movie *Star Wars* brought the wonder of *2001: A Space Odyssey* down to earth in a childlike way, but it is the gadgetry, the heroism, and the quest adapted to the computerized home of the future that will glamorize the tradition of parlor games. A game functions as a universe, and, when hooked to the benign intelligence of a computer that always plays by the rules, the game becomes a confrontation with one's own ability to master something ethereal. It is the moment when the lonely astronaut in *2001* discovers the secret of Hal the computer, and asserts his human dominance over the machine.

John Mariani is a freelance writer and frequent contributor to Saturday Review.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nadia Boulanger and Her Dynasty

NADIA BOULANGER'S part in the life of 20th-century music was almost as long as the century itself. The great master of musical thought and molder of talented acolytes was teaching in Paris at the age of 18 in 1904, and she was teaching there only a few days before she died this past October, at the age of 93. To say that she died, though, is merely to record a physical statistic, however vital. Her mind and her influence live on in such men of merit as Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, and Elliott Carter, as well as in the works of the late Roy Harris and Walter Piston, who also studied with her.

That all of them are of American birth, and that they have all been instrumental (as well as vocal) in the transformation of American serious music from an apology to a source of national pride, does not mean, however, that she somehow ran a conservatory only for the U.S. born. Such is hardly the case. Her teaching also shaped the lives of such outstanding musicians as Igor Markevitch, of Russian birth, Dinu Lipatti, of Romanian ancestry, and Daniel Barenboim, who began life in Argentina. But Boulanger's life will always be associated with her influence on American music, for the simplest of reasons: America needed a musician of her qualities, and profited the most from them.

She also happened to be a woman, and this incidental detail continually drew some attention. Once, in the course of a public life filled with many honors for her abilities as a performer (the organ was her specialty), Boulanger appeared as a conductor of the Boston Symphony, and a journalist asked her, "How does it feel to be the first woman to conduct this famous orchestra?" She replied, "I've been a woman for a little more than 50 years, and I've gotten over my original astonishment."

More than 30 years' learning, practicing, and composing formed the teacher that Aaron Copland encountered in the early Twenties. At 21 Copland, the first young, talented American to study under her, was looking for something more stimulating to feed his musical curiosity than what New York provided.

Like so many of his predecessors, the "best" education to be found in America was German-derived. A prime example in New York was that offered by Rubin Goldmark, nephew of the famous Karl (composer of the *Rustic Wedding* Symphony and a violin concerto). George Gershwin had "studied with Goldmark," and so too did Copland, in 1919 and 1920.

PICTORIAL PARADE

Boulanger, who taught each student to speak the language of music in his own way.

On arriving in France to enter the newly created American Conservatory in Fontainbleau, Copland discovered that Paul Vidal, a Prix de Rome winner who had been strongly recommended to him as a teacher, was too much like the academicians he had worked with in New York. Though Vidal spoke a different language, and had different training, he had much the same point of view.

A chance encounter with a fellow student suggested an alternative on the same faculty. But a woman teacher? Neither her gender nor the subject she taught was enticing. Copland was quite sure he had had enough of harmony.

One visit to a Boulanger class convinced him otherwise. Her topic that day happened to be Modest Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and its astonishing projection of things to come, harmonically and otherwise. Doubtless her enthusiasm touched upon Claude Debussy's responses to Mussorgsky in *Pelléas* and other works, a subject upon which she later wrote at length. Copland knew that this was the kind of insight he was looking for: informed, specific, and, above all, alive with a new point of view on music and composition. He not only continued the course for the summer, but arranged to study with her, privately, in the fall, at her home and studio, the now celebrated fourth-floor walk-up at 36 rue Ballu, Paris.

Circumstances made Copland the first American to study with Boulanger, but planning produced another almost immediately. The Missourian Virgil Thomson's interest in French music had been fostered at Harvard, one of the few American universities to provide music students with a faculty whose background included study in Paris. Walter Piston, also Harvard educated, came in 1924 to Paris and Boulanger.

Doubtless it was the launching of Cop-

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land as a composer on the American scene, in 1925, that prompted yet another American, Roy Harris, to join the growing list of Boulanger's American disciples. In this, too, Boulanger had had a part. She was invited by Walter Damrosch to make her American debut as a solo organist with his New York Symphony in Carnegie Hall, and her response to the invitation was to commission her first, greatly talented American student to write a work for her. Copland created a symphony for organ and orchestra, and Damrosch put the composer and his work into history when he turned to the audience at the end of the performance and remarked: "If a young man at the age of 23 can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit murder." Harris's response to this revolutionary happening in American music was to go to Paris with the intention of spending a year with the teacher who had brought it about. He remained three.

To evaluate Boulanger as a teacher, one must look at the students. There are certain likenesses but even greater dissimilarities in the characteristic works of these founding four, leaders of America's new serious music of the Twenties and Thirties. Without knowing the common source of their careers, one could not identify a Boulanger "thumbprint." As in any good workman's product, thumbprints are invisible. There is only one quality in common—quality itself.

Least of all did Boulanger preach anything like a common "objective" to her students. Summed up in a sentence, she encouraged each to learn as much as he could about the materials of music, in order to speak the language his own way.

Elliott Carter was one of the students who was put out when he was put back on harmony (having come to Boulanger from Harvard). But today, having achieved so much, he observes that she stressed "the importance of the smallest details of a musical work and of the way that these can influence the expressive character of the whole." Taking her creed, "Technique is music," a step further, Carter says that "technique" and "aesthetics" are not only interrelated but inseparable.

Boulanger's conditioning for the careers to which she brought such wisdom, and with which she produced such historic results, began in the best of all places: her home. Ernest Boulanger, her father, was a teacher at the Paris Conservatoire, as his father had been. From her mother's family came a certain amount of Russianism; her mother had been Countess Myshetskaya before she married Boulanger.

Nadia also received the influence of Catholicism from her mother, and out of this pairing came a disposition to the literature of Igor Stravinsky. He, too, was Russian and a Catholic, and his compositional practices often served as models for her students. Discipline, technique, command of detail could be found at the heart of the matter of his many-faceted inventions.

Among the first of Boulanger's students, when she was a teen-aged teacher, was her sister Lili, to whose musical education she had been assigned by parental fiat. The sibling of hardly more than 10 became—with the help, as she rapidly progressed, of older, more experienced teachers—a Grand Prix de Rome winner, the first of her sex, at 20. But hopes for a memorable career collapsed when Lili died, in 1918, at the age of 24.

A sense of bereavement pervaded

WIDE WORLD

Boulanger—She set American music free.

Nadia Boulanger's life thereafter, but she encouraged enjoyment, even fun, in pursuit of the subject to which her students applied themselves. At Boulanger's famous Wednesday afternoon teas—after a performance in which all members of a year's class would participate in the singing of a Monteverdi madrigal, a segment of Berg's *Wozzeck*, or, eventually, something more contemporary—they would share tea with whomever happened to be in Paris and dropped in. It was at one of these teas that the young Virgil Thomson, to his astonishment, met his idol, Erik Satie, a privilege he had not anticipated short of Heaven.

In such circumstances, generations of young Americans gained an education unknown to most of their predecessors.

Among nearly all of the predecessors, including so talented a man as Edward MacDowell, study in Germany was more than a preference based on locale or language. It was part of a conviction in the English-speaking world that the best music was German, and that the best training was to be found where German was spoken—musically and verbally.

When the Americans produced their German-sounding symphonies and tone poems, their works were often described in the press as "well written" or "admirably orchestrated," adequate proof of an objective achieved, regardless of what the pieces contained of individuality. Even Rubin Goldmark, born in New York City, went to Vienna to perfect the compositional precepts and points of view that he then passed on to Gershwin and Copland.

The newer generations of French-trained, mostly Boulanger-influenced musicians were given no such guarantees of compositional qualifications, nor formed to so rigid a pattern. As she so eloquently said, it was her task as a teacher "to understand the other" and accommodate herself and her counsel to his or her needs.

When asked, late in life, how the newer Americans differed from her first American students, she replied, "Today they are better prepared," an inadvertent tribute to her own influence.

In ways that many Americans do not realize, Boulanger's ideas on nonpedagogical pedagogy are, and will continue to be, as important in native musical life as the literature created by her students.

The works of Harris and Piston, for instance, were not limited to such fine, strongly individual scores as the Third Symphony of the former or *The Incredible Flutist* of the latter. Harris spent the 1934–1935 school year teaching at the Westminster Choir School in Princeton, New Jersey. From then on he divided his time between composition and teaching at a dozen other universities here and in Puerto Rico. Something of what he had absorbed from Boulanger crept into all these associations.

Walter Piston became a member of the Harvard faculty in 1926, and stayed on as professor and then professor emeritus for 35 years. Two of those who experienced his knowledge, taste, and humanizing influence were Elliott Carter and Leonard Bernstein. At Juilliard, Carter shares his status as a Boulanger product with David Diamond.

Boulanger was, in effect, an outsider who became an insider. She was the one who was responsible for enfranchising American music, or perhaps more accurately, enFrenchising it. To enfranchise means to set it free; to enFrenchise is to suggest how it was done.

The possibility of such a development, had there not been a World War I, is unlikely; the probability of it, had the war resulted in a stalemate or a German victory, is on the order of impossible. For it was in fact the war that enabled a relocation and reordering of American musical priorities. The fulfillment of the opportunity depended on the right person, properly placed—a Boulanger.

The whole marvelous moment in history in which so many musicians of all nationalities were exposed to Boulanger has been best explained by Gertrude Stein (as quoted by Virgil Thomson, who knew both artists well): "It was not so much what France gave you as what she did not take away." **—Irving Kolodin**

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And Justice for None

Lee Strasberg as Grandpa Sam, Al Pacino as another modern-day Prince Valiant.

IT IS EASY to see the idea behind *And Justice for All* (Columbia). Norman Jewison and his writers, Valerie Curtain and Barry Levinson, obviously hoped to do for (or to) our system of criminal justice what Paddy Chayefsky had so brilliantly done to television in *Network* and to medicine in *The Hospital.* They sought, in other words, to evoke the underlying hysteria in one of our contemporary mass institutions.

To do this properly requires a fine sense both of satire and of reality and the capacity to use each to illuminate the other. Unfortunately the Jewison team lacks not only Chayefsky's wit and eloquence, but his artistic discipline. Their story of a young Baltimore lawyer harried to distraction by the demented unfairness of courts and judges is out of control. The decibel level is too high. The tone is uncertain and often incoherent, veering dizzily from farce to melodrama until one does not know which is intended. What is one supposed to make, for example, of the lawyer's nervous wails when a suicidal judge takes him on a helicopter ride? Is this otherwise intrepid figure really frightened, or only pretending to be? The defendants in the film are mostly crazy or, if innocent, driven crazy; the lawyers and judges are even crazier.

At first the movie seems to have no narrative focus. But it retains our attention because of a journalistic vividness of character and incident. In the end, the threads are not very plausibly knitted together.

I can understand the reaction of those who did not believe a moment of *And Justice for All* and detested it from start to finish. Yet we do have a double system of justice in this country. The courts are weighted against the poor and friendless. It is well to be reminded of this. Al Pacino, moreover, gives a strong, deeply felt, carefully wrought performance as the young lawyer who takes every act of injustice as a personal blow. *And Justice for All* is a valiant, restless film, quivering with a certain shrill vitality. But hysteria is not necessarily the best artistic means by which to portray hysteria.

Starting Over (Paramount) takes a look at another decaying institution—the contemporary marriage. It is a less serious, masculine counterpart of *An Unmarried Woman.* Burt Reynolds plays a magazine writer abandoned by a wife with ambitions as a songwriter and singer. He leaves New York to start over in Boston, finds a new girl, is haunted by memories of his beautiful wife, and finally achieves liberation and a new beginning.

Though nicely observed in Alan Pakula's quasi-documentary style, *Starting Over* has less weight than perhaps was intended. It is really a series of skits on easy targets—suburban psychiatry, divorced husbands' encounter groups—in that zone of middle-class life where people drink wine instead of spirits and use valium rather than cocaine. (This last addiction provides the film's funniest scene.) Marriage figures as the solution as well as the problem. Where *An Unmarried Woman* suggests alternative possibilities in modern society, *Starting Over* ends as an entertaining romantic comedy in the rather conservative mood of the 1930s.

Still, it is sufficiently entertaining. Burt Reynolds, cast against type, shows unsuspected deftness as a comedian. Candice Bergen is beautiful and funny as the wife, but she is made to seek laughs at the expense of her part in the drama. In the role of Reynolds's new girl, Jill Clayburgh, instead of developing her own personal vein, indulges in her Diane Keaton imitation. *Starting Over* is easy to see and easy to forget.

It is rather a relief to go from these failed explorations of our contemporary jitters back to the world of Henry James, where apparent tranquility is charged with passionate implication.

In *The Europeans* (Levitt Pickman), a European baroness of American origin, at a low point in her fortunes, descends with her artist brother on the Wentworths, their substantial and slightly grim New England cousins. This comedy of manners, played against the glowing colors of a New England autumn, has great fun with the clash between aesthetic and moral views of life, between continental frivolity and Puritan self-righteousness. In the end, one Wentworth daughter goes over to the camp of pleasure, marrying her European cousin, but the baroness, frustrated by an American who is less worldly than he pretends, retires to Europe in defeat.

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's excellent screenplay follows James closely and uses his elegant dialogue to splendid effect. Some of the parts are beautifully cast—especially Lisa Eichhorn as the dissident Wentworth daughter, grave, yearning, and, as James wrote, with "something a little hard" about her; Wesley Addy as the New England father, looking "as if he were undergoing martyrdom, not by fire, but by freezing"; Tim Woodward as the kindhearted artist; Robin Ellis as the baroness's American target. I fear that Lee Remick, decorative and intelligent as she is, is too American for the baroness; she lacks the high style necessary to point up the transatlantic contrast. James Ivory, the director, handles his actors well but seems to lack full confidence in the comedy of manners as a genre, keeping the camera too tight on individual faces when we want to see how people are reacting to one another. Still, *The Europeans* has been for a century an exquisite novella—"the pure note of the early James," as Rebecca West called it, "like a pipe played carefully by a boy"—and it is now an altogether delightful movie. **—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.**

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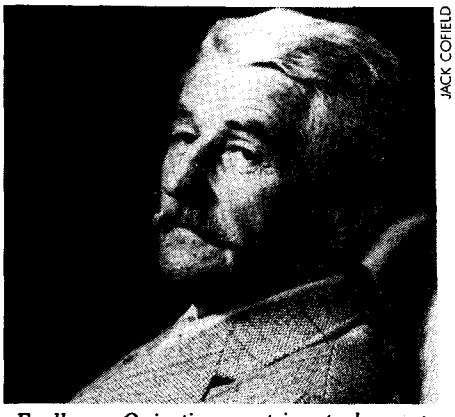
TELEVISION

Safe, We're Sorry to Say

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S reputation has gone full cycle. He was a cult figure in the 1930s, an out-of-print author in the early 1940s, and a Nobel Prize-winner in 1949. By the 1950s the great books, such as *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and The Fury,* were behind him, but he had the money and the fame that had earlier eluded him for solace. The tortured, convoluted style of the early work seemed almost forgotten as he settled easily into the role of the Grand Old Man of American letters. Now, after his death in 1962, he has been elevated to the pantheon of the truly greats. A few naysayers would have you believe that Faulkner's gothic horror tales are really little more than tricked-up bogey-man stories—I, with something of a red face, admit to being a disreputable member of that group—but no one pays much attention.

It was inevitable, and proper, that Faulkner's life and works be given a full and respective airing on television. If *William Faulkner: A Life on Paper* had been created by a commercial network, a clutch of vice-presidents would already be working on their acceptance speeches for the award ceremonies. The production (to air on December 17; check local listings for time) is silky smooth, with neither an element out of place nor a detail awkwardly presented. Its board of advisors has flawless academic credentials. Raymond Burr offers a nicely understated, deft narration; Arthur Ed Foreman reads passages from Faulkner's work with a fine respect for the author's oftentimes difficult cadences. Forty-one generally illuminating interviews range from Malcolm Cowley, who helped rescue Faulkner from comparative literary oblivion in 1946 with his seminal edition of *The Portable Faulkner*, to Phil Mullen, a down-home journalist who remembers the great Nobel Prize-winner when he was just "little Billy Faulkner" owing money all over Oxford, Mississippi.

But we have come to expect more than good craftsmanship from the Public Broadcasting Service. Indeed, considering that PBS received almost $300,000 in research grants to underwrite the project, we have a right to insist on more. Curiously, however, in spite of the presence of such scholars as Drs. Joseph Blotner of the University of Michigan and Carvel Collins of Notre Dame, the producers seem to have been afraid to get "too academic."



JACK COFIELD

Faulkner—Quixotic, eccentric, a truly great.

During the two hours we learn a lot about Faulkner's drinking problem, his desire to ride horses that were beyond his capabilities, his tempestuous private life, his English affectations, his unhappy sojourns in Hollywood, and his unremitting need for cash. But less than 20 minutes is given over to discussing why and how Faulkner became the writer he was. As any student who has ever tottered cut and bleeding through *Absalom, Absalom!* will tell you, Faulkner can be impenetrable. Alfred Kazin once described his work as "perhaps the most elaborate, intermittently incoherent and ungrammatical, thunderous polyphonic rhetoric in all of American writing." But of the problems in reading Faulkner we hear not a word. Of his themes—the South, "a land," he said, "primed for fatality"; the degeneracy of the old plantation aristocracy; the curse of slavery—there is barely a mention. The whole Walpurgis Night narrative technique Faulkner used to tell the saga of Yoknapatawpha County is swept under the rug. Admittedly, this material is difficult. But it is precisely to these kinds of issues that PBS must address itself if it is to differ from the kind of entertainment Charles Kuralt offers so enjoyably on commercial television.

Although PBS has elected to take the easy way out with Faulkner, the ground it does cover is handled supremely well. The picture of Faulkner as a man is full-blown and riveting. What a fine narrator Raymond Burr is. He retains just enough of the old Perry Mason tones to lend authority to the subject without adopting any of the vocal posturing that so often afflicts an actor when he gets his teeth into "something important."

The interviews are particularly effective. There was a time in Oxford when, according to Shelby Foote, a townsman would as likely as not spit at the mention of Faulkner's name. But the South dotes on its eccentrics, and Faulkner was one of the most eccentric men Oxford has ever seen. He would just as soon "go downtown with a pair of house shoes on or a pair of pajamas," recalls Motee Daniels. "He didn't care." Robert Evans, who used to go shooting with Billy, paid him the highest accolade— "He was a quiet hunter." Through little snippets, we develop an image of the quixotic presence that was William Faulkner. Anita Loos remembers him as a struggling writer pretending to have a grievous wound from World War I. Editor George Healy recalls how happy he was to be fired from a local post office for reading poetry when he should have been sorting the mail, because although he might be beholden to people for money, at least he would never again "be at the beck and call of some son-of-a-bitch with two cents for a postage stamp."

In what must have been something of a trial for her, Jill Faulkner Summers, Faulkner's only child, gave one of her rare interviews. In it she recalls one time that she asked her father to stop drinking. Faulkner wheeled and told her, "No one ever remembers Shakespeare's child." "I never asked him again," she says.

The star, of course, is Faulkner himself. We get to hear Faulkner's famous "man will not only endure, he will prevail" speech at Stockholm, and also of the private despair of his unhappy marriage. "If you are fool enough to marry at all, keep the first one and stay as far away as much as you can with the hope of finally outliving her."

This is Faulkner with his many warts and all. A man who described himself as a "failed poet." A man who wanted to write books and drink whiskey but who almost ruined himself trying to re-create the plantation setting of his once wealthy forebears. It is a picture that cannot help but move even his most strident literary critics.

Because PBS failed to come to grips with the essential nature of his art, *William Faulkner: A Life on Paper* is the one thing Faulkner never was. Safe.

—Peter Andrews

With this issue Mr. Andrews begins a regular television column for SR.

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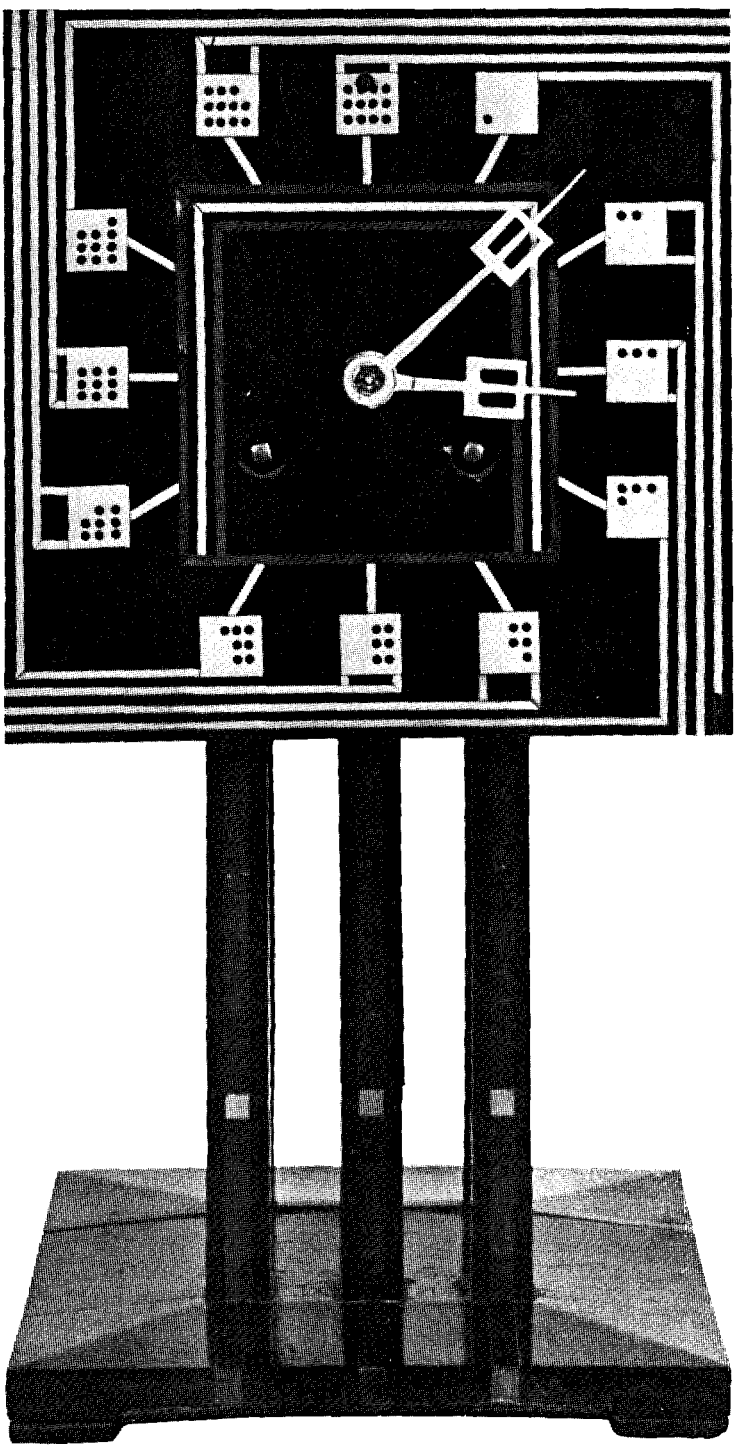
Designs of Our Times

by James R. Mellow



Clock designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh in 1917.

ART NOUVEAU, that extravagant 19th-century design/style full of sinuous curves and flowery and fruity motifs, figures prominently in a number of this season's more important architecture and design books. It is still a much misunderstood style, often passed off as a mere decorative aberration in the history of design. Yet it was, essentially, an international reformist movement. In the late 19th century architects such as Guimard in Paris, Horta and Van de Velde in Brussels, Gaudi in Spain, revolted against the welter of neo-Egyptian, neo-Moorish, neo-Renaissance buildings of the period. They proposed, instead, a new aesthetic for a new time, one based on organic forms drawn from nature. They also advocated the use of the newer materials made practicable by the Industrial Revolution—steel, glass, concrete. But what made Art Nouveau architects and designers so special, and even more ambitious than some of their modernist successors, was their intention of revising not only architecture but every item of daily life: furniture, fabrics, plates and cutlery on the table, jewelry—to say nothing of metro stations, public parks, the posters one read on city streets. These ambitious artists were early and optimistic environmentalists.

American Art Nouveau, by Diane Chalmers Johnson (Abrams, $37.50), certainly the most attractive of the season's books on architecture and design, sets out to assess the American contribution to that international style, a subject that has not received a good deal of attention. Johnson understandably concentrates on the principal figures affiliated with the movement, which ran roughly from 1880–1910—the architect Louis H. Sullivan and the designers Louis Comfort Tiffany and Will H. Bradley. But she surveys, as well, the works of the minor potters of the innumerable crafts studios that sprang up around the country, and the graphic art-

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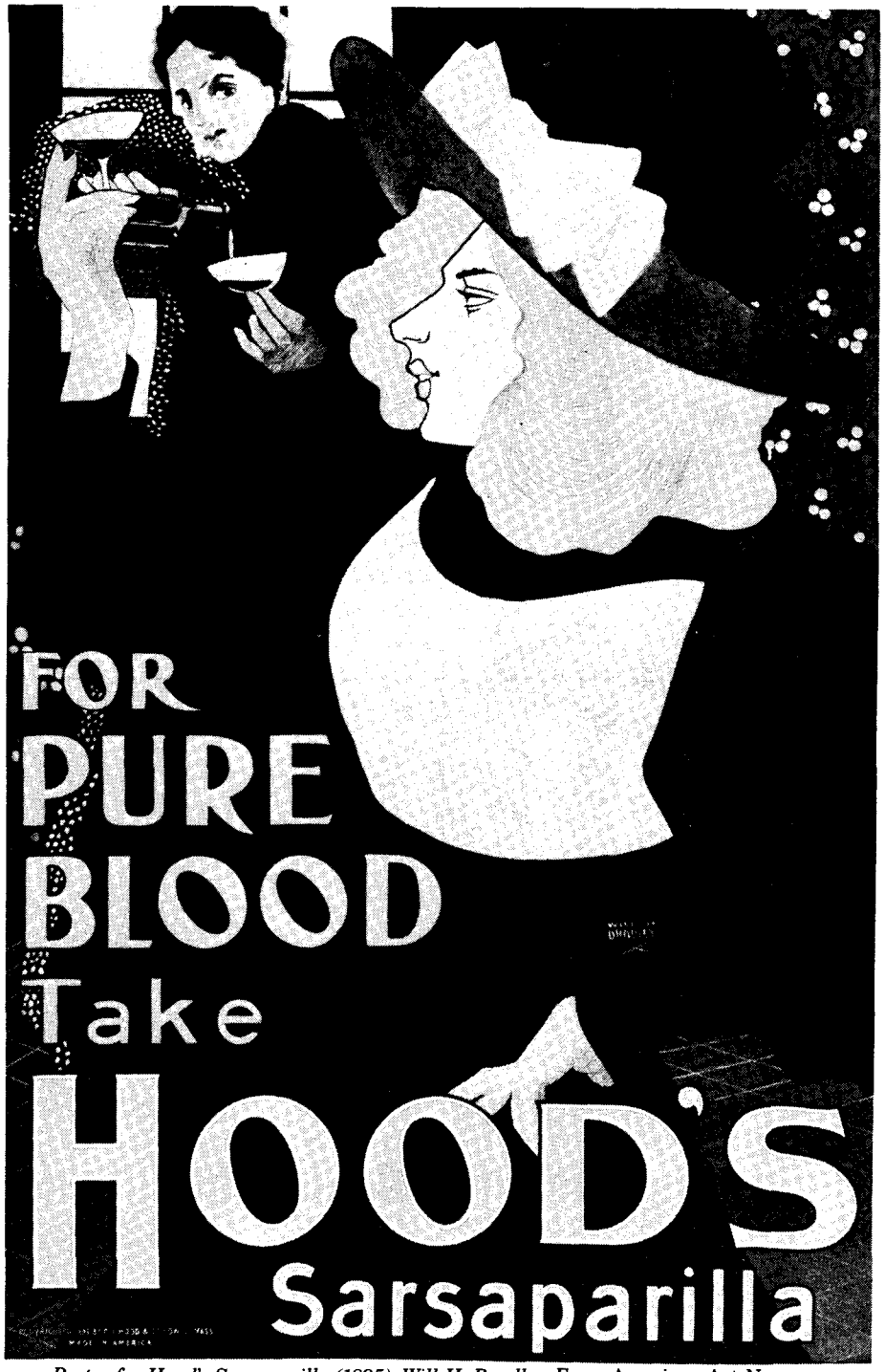
ists who contributed cover and poster designs for such publications as the *Chap-Book* and the *Century Magazine*. Unfortunately, the wealth of her references, both visual and textual, to European practitioners tends to overwhelm much of the American work, making it appear meager and parochial. (The perverse and powerful illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley, set next to those of his prudish American follower, Will Bradley, are especially devastating—an effect the author probably had not intended.) Nonetheless, this is a very ably written and informative study, and the color plates are stunning.

At first glance, it seems preposterous to link Art Nouveau with the later International Style—a doctrine of rationalism, clean lines, structural honesty, truth-to-materials, lack of ornament—which has dominated modern architecture for the past half-century. Yet styles that appear incompatible often have underlying connections. Reappraisals of two significant transitional figures, men who were associated with the Art Nouveau movement but whom later historians have come to consider as precursors of modernism, seem to establish that linkage. **Otto Wagner: 1841–1918**, by Heinz Gerelsegger and Max Peinter (Rizzoli, $25, paper), is a fascinating, authoritative monograph on the Viennese architect, teacher, and city planner whose career moved from apartment houses designed in the accepted 19th-century eclectic manner (which Wagner later disowned), through a lengthy structuralist phase that had definite ornamental links with Art Nouveau (e.g. the Majolica house of 1898), to one of the unquestioned landmarks of contemporary architecture—the Post Office Savings Bank in Vienna (1910–1912). "What is unpractical can never be beautiful!" Wagner once remarked, and the functionalism of the Post Office Savings Bank, with its airy glass and steel central hall, its pioneering use of aluminum as a structural and decorative material, is still quite astonishing after 67 years. (The tall aluminum air-blowers appear to have been designed only yesterday.) An essential book for students of design.

Charles Rennie Mackintosh, by Roger Billcliffe (Taplinger, $60.00), is a much needed, fully illustrated catalogue of the furniture and interior designs of the turn-of-the-century Scottish architect who developed a blunt and boxy design style with severely chastened Art-Nouveau floral motifs. (Mackintosh's architectural masterpiece, the Glasgow School of Art, 1899–1909, is a classic in standard texts.) With incredible patience Billcliffe has searched out the major works or documentary photographs of missing or destroyed pieces, ranging from the furnishings for an exhibition room in Moscow to a dovecote in a Scottish garden. Not altogether convincingly, he argues that Mackintosh had no real affinity for Art Nouveau, thereby stressing his modernist aspects. That viewpoint seems challenged by the decorative elements of Mackintosh's own style and by the even more florid tendencies in the works of his colleagues, among them his wife and sister-in-law, included in an attractive companion volume, **The Glasgow Style**, by Gerald and Celia Larner (Taplinger, $24.95).



Poster for Hood's Sarsaparilla (1895), Will H. Bradley. From American Art Nouveau.

That architectural principles are on very shifting ground, indeed, might be the object lesson of **Philip Johnson/John Burgee: Architecture**, text by Nory Miller (Random House, $35). Presumably a survey of the more important Johnson/Burgee commissions over the past decade, this book could also be viewed as a swank apologia for a controversial firm. Johnson, once the outspoken advocate of functionalism (the Glass House, 1949; the Munson–Williams–Proctor Institute, 1960) has turned architectural revivalist in recent years and is now regarded as a defector from the International Style (see "High Boy: The Making of an Eclectic," *SR*, March 17, 1979). The unabashed eclecticism (Sullivan, Brunellescki) of Johnson/Burgee's recent design for the AT&T

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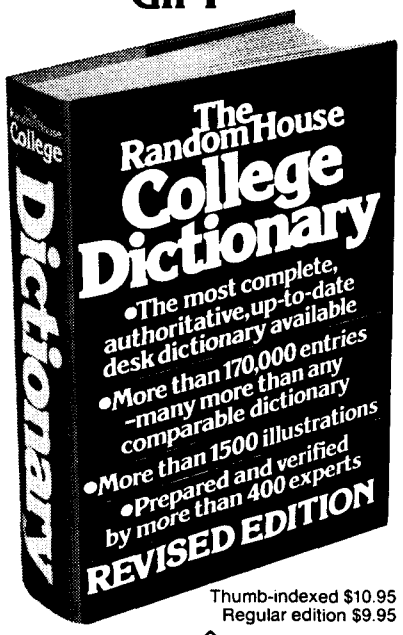
THE Smart GIFT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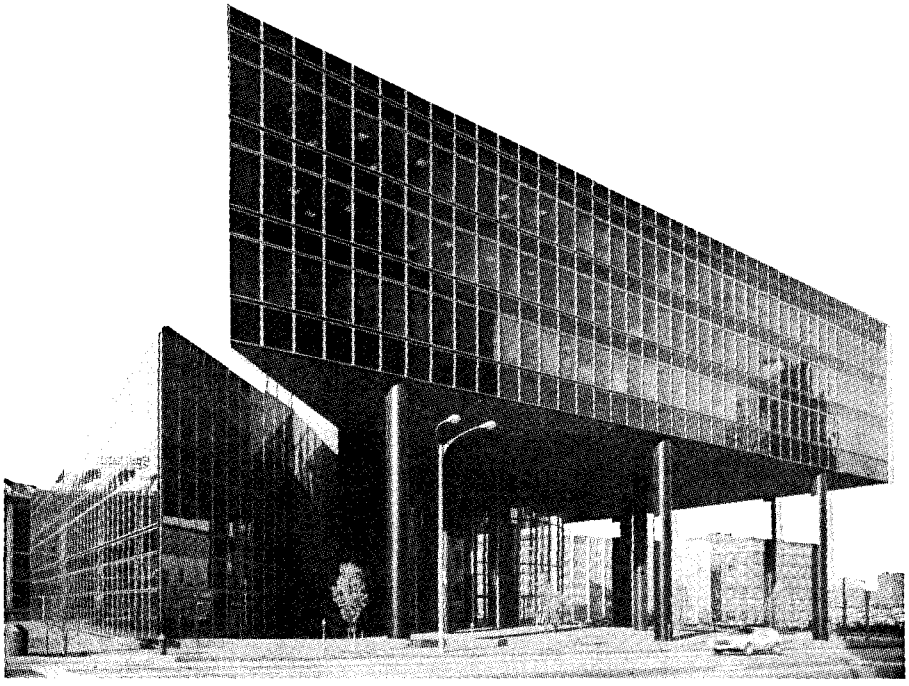


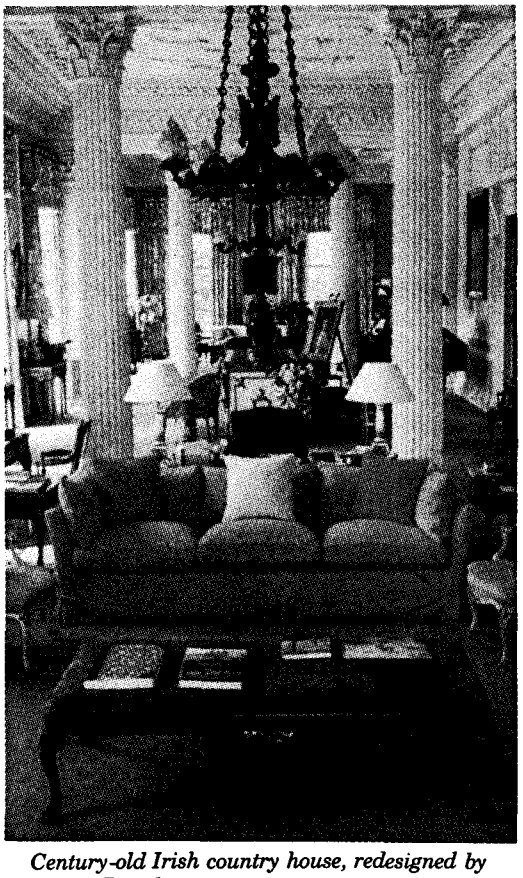
General American Life Insurance Co.'s St. Louis headquarters, designed by Johnson/Burgee.

headquarters in New York City—a shaft of pink granite surmounted by a broken pediment that one critic has likened to a grandfather clock—has created a stir in architectural circles. The present volume, despite the striking photographic coverage, is not likely to settle the dispute.

Living With Design, by David Hicks (William Morrow, $29.95), and **Industrial Design**, by Raymond Loewy (Overlook, $39.95 to December 31, $45 thereafter), are rather similar books by well-known contemporary designers. Both are albums of important commissions and personal commentary, newspaper clippings, private snapshots, testimonial letters, and a certain amount of name-dropping about famous clients (the royal family in the case of the English designer; the Kennedys and NASA, in Loewy's). The Hicks volume exudes good taste with beautifully reproduced full-color plates of interior designs for country estates, apartments, posh restaurants.

Every designer is part businessman, part artist, and unfortunately the businessman seems to have won out in the Loewy volume. This is a hard-sell, cluttered survey of the Loewy firm's international commissions—corporate logos, automobiles, locomotives, refrigerators, sewing machines, gas stations—the gamut of possibilities that Art Nouveau designers dreamed of. Loewy, who is celebrating an honorable fiftieth anniversary as an industrial designer, was one of the pioneers of "streamlining," the windswept style of the 1930s. It is a shame someone did not take a firmer hand in the presentation of the material. What this book needed—strange to say—was a good graphic designer.

James R. Mellow is a freelance art critic and former editor of Industrial Design *magazine.*



Century-old Irish country house, redesigned by David Hicks in the mid-Seventies.

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Tales of Two Writers

Reviewed by Benjamin DeMott

AT FIRST GLANCE Mary McCarthy's and Doris Lessing's new novels seem to have nothing whatever in common. McCarthy's *Cannibals and Missionaries* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10.95) is about the hijacking of an Iran-bound flight carrying two widely divergent groups—a committee of political liberals (economy-class ticket holders bent on investigating torture under the Shah) and a tour of rich art collectors (front-cabin folk bent on checking out the country's museums and archaeological sites). Lessing's *Shikasta* (Knopf, $10.95), on the other hand, is science fiction—a collection of official reports, personal narratives, and other documents from or about an emissary from the authorities who, from the start of our history, have been running this neck of the universe. But despite obvious differences the books have a similar theme at their core: namely, the extreme difficulty of learning to see oneself.

It's a theme Mary McCarthy has explored before, both in novels—particularly *The Group*—and in critical essays—particularly the pieces assembled in *On the Contrary*. But the contexts of exploration in this outing are fresh and so too are the settings. (Most of *Cannibals* takes place in the polders—remote, recently drained territory in Holland—where the hijackers, posing as a TV company filming frontier life, have taken over a farm as a hideout.) At the start of the book we meet a pair of characters, Frank Barber, beamish, a Gracie Square Episcopalian minister, and Aileen Simmons, a self-involved Arkansas-born college president, whose conventionally liberal notions of political duty have moved them to join the fact-finding mission to Iran. The time is 1975. Both Barber and Simmons are well-intentioned to a fault and, within the limits of their respective clerical and academic guilds, ambitious; neither is gifted with self-understanding—meaning, neither has much of a grasp of human nature—and neither appears capable of learning much from experience. (Before the book's action is over, this pair passes through terror, violence, lengthy incarceration, yet remains in heart and mind untouched.)

Mary McCarthy is careful not to suggest that poverty of self-knowledge is an American trait. The leader of the hijackers, a Dutchman named Jeroen who began life with a dream of becoming a great painter, is fully as abstract and un-

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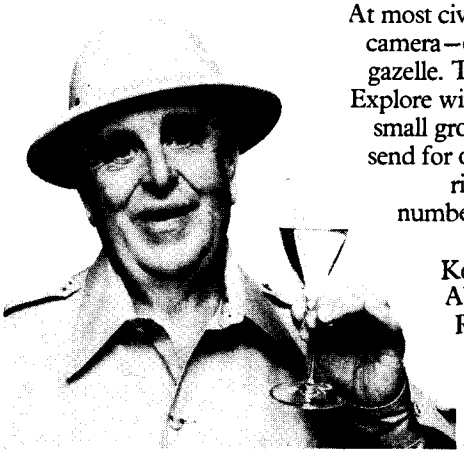

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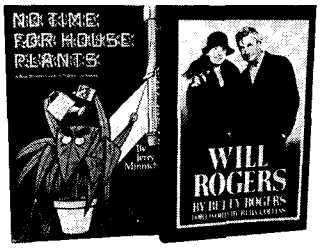

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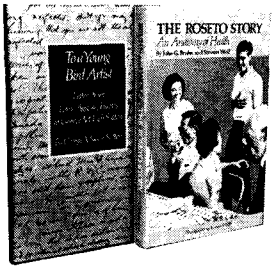

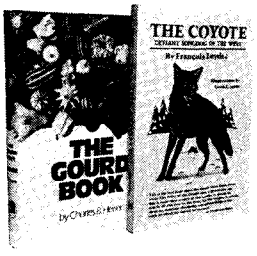

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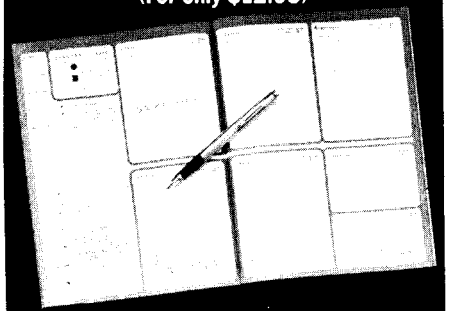

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perceptive about himself as are the do-good minister and college president. Jeroen is positive he's banished his aesthetic self, become a totally political being, but that conviction turns out to be self-hypnosis masquerading as self-knowledge. For him, as for many, "terrorism was art for art's sake in the political realm." Jeroen still resonates with "art values" and when, owing to a ransom scheme, he's forced into proximity with a Vermeer, the chaotic conflict that ensues within him swiftly drives him insane.

Set against these persons of limited self-awareness and stock opinions (terrorist or liberal) is a trio of more complicated characters: a self-mocking, poetry-writing U.S. senator clearly modeled on Eugene McCarthy; a Dutch social democrat who's an admirable political realist; and a young woman journalist named Sophie Weil, who has a likably mordant eye for the absurdity of high-minded extremism and an ability to profit from the fearful experience she's enduring.

The trio just named shares a flexible and witty self-awareness—a feeling for the mixed nature of our impulses, aspirations, and shames, and an aptitude for unillusioned self-observation. About the U.S. senator Mary McCarthy remarks that "like a finished actor he observed himself playing his part ... and distrusted audience response...." The Dutch politician makes careful assessments of the "best and worst in himself." As for Sophie Weil: She too is in the habit of closely monitoring her responses, in this instance scrutinizing herself for evidence of possible cowardice instead of assuming her virtue, like the Reverend Barber and President Simmons.

While probing the difference—in a story of human beings under pressure—between self-knowledge and its opposite, Mary McCarthy examines the resources we possess for clarifying ourselves to ourselves—most especially the resource called art. It can serve, she seems to say, as a means by which human beings are awakened from their staleness, introduced to new perspectives, shaken loose from habitual inner approval (or guilt) into fuller encounter with their own insides. But, as some sharply worded observations in Sophie Weil's journal make clear, our present way of "using" art—the culture of "appreciation," the hiving up of great pictures in private collections and museums—tends to limit access to the true power of the medium.

Cannibals and Missionaries isn't a wholly satisfying novelistic performance. I was troubled at the beginning by a sense that the minister and college president had been contrived simply for satirical purposes—handy whipping

PICTORIAL PARADE JERRY BAUER

Adventurous writers, Doris Lessing and Mary McCarthy.

persons of the sort often found in Mary McCarthy's books. I wish the author were less class-bound, less determined to view the world *de haut en bas,* more alert to sources of strength other than high art which exist in every energetically democratizing society. (Sport, popular culture, generational contention—each functions hereabouts as a means of inducing significant self-encounter.) And it ought to be noted, in fairness, that the opinions about the contemporary sociology of art laid out as original in this book appear to owe a good deal to writers who go unmentioned in its pages—among them, Max Horkheimer, T.W. Adorno, and Walter Benjamin.

But, these reservations counted, *Cannibals and Missionaries* remains a continuously interesting and lively work of fiction. The assault on the liberal mentality that Mary McCarthy launched ages ago still has pertinence. The attempt at rendering the terrorist psychology from within is impressively patient and detailed. And the tale has movement and tension from start to finish (impossible for a reviewer to demonstrate this without smutching, for others, the experience of suspense). The present isn't a period deep in writers who combine a feeling for the nature of narrative—an ability to pace a story, knowledge of when and where to modulate, when to increase the pressure—with responsiveness to the play of ideas in conflict. Mary McCarthy is, in a word, nearly unique, and we're lucky she's still in good form.

In a headnote to *Shikasta* Doris Lessing remarks that an important use of science fiction is to play "the indispensable and (at least at the start) thankless role of the despised illegitimate [literary] son who can afford to tell truths the respectable siblings either do not dare, or, more likely, do not notice because of their respectability." To advance in self-knowledge we need to be driven out from narrowly personal perspectives to fresher, more spacious understandings—and for the author of *The Golden Notebook* it's sci-fi (not, as for Mary McCarthy, art in general) that can propel us in the right direction.

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Shikasta bears a complex subtitle and is conceived as the first volume of a series that will ultimately compose a single visionary work: *Canopus in Argos: Archives*. The darkening view of the human prospect apparent in several of Lessing's recent books—most notably *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell*—lightens a little in this work. But the author's long-admired belief in change, passionate generosity, and rage at waste and inequity are still present. A short section of the book called "Rachel Sherban's Journal" portrays the daily lives of a starving Moroccan family with brilliant economy, sympathy, and directness. At one point in the journal Rachel, who's rich, is playfully forced by an impoverished friend among the Moroccans to put on the latter's best dress, a treasured and pathetic piece of finery preserved on a hook in the mud wall of a cubbyhole the friend shares with three other people. Afterward, sitting on the doorsill of her own mud room, Rachel reflects on the experience of having this garment briefly on her back:

> Being in that dress that [Fatima] had been in a thousand times was something I can't describe. If there is a word, I don't know it. The cloth of the dress was full of Fatima. But that wasn't it. It smelled of her and of her skin and her scent. It was as if I had put on her skin over mine. No dress I have ever had in my life could possibly feel like that. It could never be that important....Living in this country I have a fire in my stomach which is the hunger I know nearly everyone I see feels all the time, all the time, even when they sleep.

Read in their entirety, Rachel's ruminations have a power, a strangeness, an immediacy of address to the heart well beyond that of any probe of consciousness McCarthy has undertaken.

I'm afraid, though, that many novel-readers won't find *Shikasta* to their taste—not, at least, at this moment in the book's history. The problem is that Doris Lessing is obliged to spend hundreds of pages setting up her sci-fi machinery (rule from Beyond, inspection trips to earth by the emissaries, and the like), and establishing the tone of high prophetic solemnity to which the work aspires. We learn how the benevolent Canopeans, resident elsewhere, have exercised control over earthlings, sponsoring the golden ages of our past, losing power over us on occasion (owing to vibrations from an evil planet), arranging most recently for the new golden age to rise up from the ashes of the Third World War. We learn too of the author's conviction that the dawn of self-consciousness marks the beginning of the fall of man. (Doris Lessing appears to have been much influenced by Julian Jayne's studies of the "breakdown of the bicameral mind.")

And we're offered, in addition to an account of the way our planet is guided through its period of bad fortune toward a utopian future, short portraits of many typical late 20th-century types—from sellout labor leaders to expensively brought-up girl terrorists. But we never arrive at a sustained narrative capable of lending substance, at the level of individual human relationships, to the grand historical cycles described. And too often those cycles provide not fresh interpretations of the human past, but mere unilluminating renamings (Africa in these pages becomes "Isolated Southern Continent").

The result is that the original promise—a perspective that would open an unfamiliar view of ourselves—isn't kept. Perhaps it will be kept; perhaps when the series is completed the proportions will come right, and the attack upon egoism and self-consciousness launched in *Shikasta* will pay off in genuinely stimulating historical perception. It's very much worth hoping for that, for Doris Lessing, unique in her determination not to be trapped inside any of the ideologies of a one-dimensional society, holds a place among our most valuable writers. Never a peer of Mary McCarthy's in her sense of design, she remains McCarthy's clear superior in charity.

Benjamin DeMott is a professor of English at Amherst and a contributing editor for Atlantic Monthly.

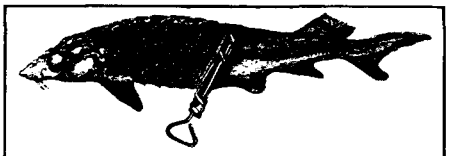
Heroic Endeavors

A Long Desire
by Evan S. Connell
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
270 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by William Plummer

ELEVEN BOOKS later, Evan S. Connell is best known for *Mrs. Bridge*, a fine first novel that grafts *Main Street* onto *Winesburg, Ohio*—an ironist's treatment of small-town folk fraught with subverbal, mostly sexual desires. Mrs. Bridge, the focal character of the novel, is a paragon of averageness: Were it possible, she would have 2.2 children.

Yet Mrs. Bridge is dark at the edges; her world is forever rolling out from under her, leaving her teetering. Her son, Douglas, she notices; is become disturbingly introspective, and her daughter, too extroverted. In Paris, her husband pauses, transfixed, at a shop window. Mrs. Bridge backtracks and sees that the reverie is inspired by a black lace brassiere with the tips cut off. "She had lived with him a long time now, and assumed she knew whatever there was worth knowing about him." Who is he,



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really? she wonders to herself.

Connell is a master miniaturist, capable of delicate brushwork on the tiniest bits of ivory. So it's surprising to see him in *A Long Desire* working in what Sir Walter Scott called "the big Bow-wow strain." The title for the new book derives, says Connell, from "that sensual urge which Anatole France called 'un long desir'"—the urge shared by such titans as Richard Halliburton, Marco Polo, and Vasco da Gama. (Hardly a crew to set to tea with Mrs. Bridge.) In *A Long Desire*, the author turns his attention to "the singular person, inexplicably drawn from familiar comforts toward a nebulous goal, lured often enough to death—it is he, or she, whose peregrinations can never be thoroughly understood, who is worth noticing."

The book is a diadem of obsessions, each chapter a separate inlaid stone. In "Aristokles' Atlantis," we trace the myth of the lost continent from Plato's dialogues to Ignatius T. Donnelly, whose *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World* (1882), reprinted 50 times, effectively put Atlantis on the map. "The Innocents' Crusade" rehearses the stories of those saintly boys, Stephen of Cloyes and Nicholas of Cologne, and their benighted ambition to march 50,000 children to the Holy Land.

In "To the Indies," Connell gives us Gil Eanes, Nuño Tristão, Bartolomeu Dias, and, of course, "that blue-eyed red-haired mystic," Columbus. In "The Sea Must Have an Endynge," John Cabot, Martin Frobisher, Henry Hudson, and John Franklin search for the Northwest Passage—and Roald Amundsen, in a 70-foot fishing boat with six companions, finds it.

Naturally, some chapters are better than others; several are sketchy and factitious, though on the whole, the deeds are outrageous, the personalities enthralling. Still, I can't help wondering why Connell bothered.

He seems content merely to grease the machinery, to keep his narratives running pleasantly. His prose is precise, gentlemanly, at times exquisite, but I suppose my demurrer is a matter of scale and signature.

The only time his prose rises to his occasion, becomes agitated and idiosyncratic, is when certain Victorian lady explorers traverse the page. Says Connell: "Then there is May French Sheldon on the way to Kilimanjaro in a blonde wig, carrying a ceremonial sword, wearing a rhinestone-studded gown and a dozen Cleopatra bracelets. No. No, she must be the creation of a mad playwright." And: "But the mind cannot absorb Isabella Bird Bishop at the apex of her fame....No, we say. No, no, I'll go along with Ibn Batuta or that Chinese whose name I can't remember, but this woman is too much."

It is imagining these women in the African wild that sets Connell adither; incongruity plucks his ironic string. "They give the impression of being mildly batty," he says, "these upright, energetic, innocent, valorous, polite, intelligent, prim, and condescending British females in long skirts." They are, in fact, quaint old biddies not so very different from Mrs. Bridge. It's no wonder that they are the ones to turn Connell's motor over. "The big Bow-wow strain" is not really his métier.

William Plummer is the book review editor of Quest/79 *and a freelance writer and reviewer.*

Darwin According to Eiseley

Darwin and the Mysterious Mr. X: New Light on the Evolutionists
by Loren Eiseley
Dutton, 278 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by James Sloan Allen

EVERYONE KNOWS that Darwin's theory of evolution shook traditional beliefs about nature and man over a hundred years ago. But not everyone knows why. The idea of evolution could not alone be blamed, since it had been around a long time and was accepted by many thinkers—including Darwin's grandfather, the naturalist and poet Erasmus Darwin—as one way God fulfills his purposes. The shattering revelation came with Charles Darwin's explanation of how evolution occurs, announced in the title of the historic book, *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life.*

"Natural selection" was the key that unlocked for Darwin the secret of nature's varieties. A splendidly economical idea, natural selection says simply that organisms thrive only when they have some "advantage" over their competitors in their environment—a quicker eye, a sharper tooth, a swifter stride. Happy though these results may be, nothing in Darwin's theory assures them. For natural selection makes "advantages" purely mechanical, the chance cooperation of organism and environment—in a hundred feet of water, for example, human intelligence yields less advantage than gills. Here was Darwin's mortal blow to conventional pieties and complacent human pride: Even mankind is an accident, a product of organic variations luckily suited to material circumstances and to the competition for survival.

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Who could not be curious about the origins of so powerful an idea? Darwin said it came to him suddenly in 1838 (21 years before he published the *Origin*) after he read Thomas Malthus's gloomy essay on the inevitability of overpopulation and the resulting competition for food. But scientific revolutions do not occur spontaneously, and Loren Eiseley's posthumous collection of previously published essays on Darwin and evolutionary theory shows that Darwin misrepresented his discovery. Absent from all previous accounts of Darwin's discovery of natural selection was "the mysterious Mr. X," Edward Blyth.

A contemporary of Darwin, and, like him, an earnest Victorian naturalist with an insatiable appetite for facts, Blyth catalogued nearly every creature he saw, especially during his 20 years in India, until scarcely a variety had escaped him. Darwin professed high respect for Blyth, but oddly failed to mention the articles in which Blyth set forth his own idea of natural selection just prior to Darwin's "discovery." Eiseley demonstrates through ingenious literary detective work that these articles (reprinted here), published between 1835 and 1837 in a magazine Darwin often read and containing facts he drew upon, opened Darwin's eyes to the theory of natural selection.

Blyth stirred Darwin's imagination with both a compelling truth and a fruitful error. Correctly observing the ways organisms and environments fit together, he nevertheless believed, like so many religious minds before him, that God had arranged the fit. Natural selection thus insured the divine stability of nature, not its evolution. After struggling with Blyth's nonevolutionary notions, and reading Malthus, Darwin had his inspiration: Natural selection was not God's law of order but nature's law of variation and change. Darwin didn't mention Blyth's influence because he had rejected one of Blyth's central assumptions. And, like the poet Coleridge, with whom Eiseley compares him at length, Darwin assimilated many disparate facts and ideas and then forgot their sources.

Eiseley offers some good intellectual history here. But while he praises Darwin's scientific accomplishments, he has no affection for Darwin's conception of nature as mechanistic and purposeless. The Darwin Eiseley admires is not the mechanistic theorist at all, but the eager observer thrilling at nature's infinite particularities. For this is the nature Eiseley sees and has written about so abundantly and well: Alive with variety, transformation, and possibility, it remains enfolded in benign mystery.

Touched by a bit of mysticism himself and awash in idealism, Eiseley closes with a melancholy, un-Darwinian medi-

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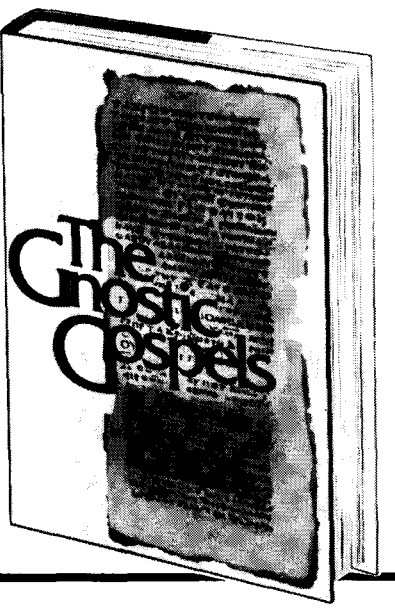
Elaine Pagels, Chairman of the Religion Department at Barnard College, "has a genius for detecting social realities amid what look like the speculative fantasies of the Gnostics."—ROBERT GRANT, Chairman of the Department of New Testament and Early Christian Literature, University of Chicago



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tation on the human past and future. If mankind falters, he says, the cause will not be accident or mechanistic law but the decline of human purpose and desire: "When we fail to wish any longer to be otherwise than we are, we will have ceased to evolve." These words, like many of Eiseley's writings, convey more poetic than scientific truth. But not since Wordsworth and Goethe has anyone taught so much about nature through poetic truths as Loren Eiseley.

Freelance writer and critic James Sloan Allen is completing a book on American culture in the Fifties.

Books in Brief

America Revised
by Frances FitzGerald
Atlantic–Little, Brown, 240 pp., $9.95

MAN, SAYS Pasternak in *Dr. Zhivago*, should "not die in a ditch like a dog, but at home in history." But which way is home? People want to know; no sooner was the past ruled permanently irrelevant than we noticed all these people out there looking for roots. Frances FitzGerald surveys a vast field: the textbooks from which American children have over the years learned what American history they know. Though it's too short for what it wants to cover, *America Revised* never *sounds* breathless. She begins with the textbooks of her own childhood, those authoritative-looking tomes that contained, "implacable, seamless," the unchanging history of "the greatest nation in the world ... the embodiment of democracy, freedom, and technological progress."

Naturally that has all gone sour. But one of the many surprises of *America Revised* is that the Age of Innocence which reigned in the textbooks of the Fifties was not typical of the books that came before or after. Earlier texts were better written—by people, not committees; they reflected the biases, but also the individuality of real historians who could both think and write. Textbooks today are not written, but "developed" by squads of teachers and editors seeking a hole in a highly competitive market, vetting words and sentences to make sure they're short enough, changing the content, not every generation, as formerly, but all the time. The books respond successively to each newly articulate pressure group, the vivid characters and events of old-fashioned history are dulled into the "problems" of social science, and the past becomes a chaotic but up-to-the-minute patchwork. *America Revised* reads well, almost too well. Journalism as good as this, as informative, as strong in moment-to-moment impact, gives an illusion of overall direction.

Where might we go from here? FitzGerald's nostalgia for the secure textbooks of an older America is real. Equally real is her distrust of the anarchy of history continually rewritten. Yet she suggests no way to reconcile authority with responsiveness to genuine problems previously overlooked. This is a needed book; it will and should be influential. But it's a survey, not a guide.

—CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

The Ghost Writer
by Philip Roth
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 180 pp., $8.95

THE WRITER OF Philip Roth's story is also a ghost. A young refugee from Belsen changes her name to Amy Bellette, becomes a New England college student, and, four years after the war, opens a copy of *Time* to find herself the most famous Jewish writer in the world: the author of the diary of Anne Frank. Or so she tells E.I. Lonoff, a distinguished Jewish storyteller twice her age whom she tries to win away from his long-ignored gentile wife.

Lonoff and Amy's story is dreamed up by Nathan Zuckerman, a young writer who makes a pilgrimage to his idol's house one December afternoon. At first embarrassed, Nathan is soon happily eavesdropping on the raw material for the story he will later invent—Amy/Anne trying to seduce the reluctant Lonoff, and Mrs. Lonoff, who sees in Amy a chance for escape, refusing to sacrifice the rest of her life to her husband's nobility.

The Ghost Writer is a curious book. Billed as a novel, it's really an anecdote with interruptions—a malicious character sketch of one of Nathan's (and Roth's) rivals; a summary of a Henry James story; and two long digressions, one of them the chapter about Amy's past. The other—and the best part of the book—is Nathan's recollection of a terrible break with his father, who thinks Nathan's stories are not good for the Jews. ("I saw ... my bewildered father, alone on the darkening street-corner by the park that used to be our paradise, thinking himself and all of Jewry gratuitously disgraced and jeopardized by my inexplicable betrayal.")

But the vividness and passion of this section, and of Nathan's character, do not extend to the rest of the book: Lonoff is a collection of mannerisms and jokes, his wife the usual cupbearer who courts, and then resents, her anonymity. Nor does the Anne Frank story amount to more than an unsavory gimmick. Nathan's infatuation with his fantasy (he even dreams that Amy will marry him and redeem him in the eyes of his family—talk about a true friend of belles-lettres!) makes one want to read the book out of the corner of one's eye.

Roth has obviously anticipated this type of response, for he satirizes the smug anti-intellectualism of Jews who do not like a certain kind of Jewish story ("Do you practice Judaism?" one of Nathan's critics demands. "If not, what credentials qualify you for writing about Jewish life for national magazines?"). But these built-in attempts to disarm us only point up Roth's own smugness. (As Nathan's mother says, "Don't start that last-word business, please.") He does *not* have the right to use the life of an accidental celebrity for his Holocaust romance. That little pile of bones on Belsen heath is something more than raw material.

—RHODA KOENIG

On the Edge of the Cliff and Other Stories
by V.S. Pritchett
Random House, 179 pp., $8.95

AGE HAS ITS prerogatives, excellence being foremost among them. We bow to V.S. Pritchett. Nearing 80, he is at the top of his powers, and he is writing at white heat.

These nine new stories outshine his recent *Selected Stories*. Love was their theme, but passion is the operative force here; and the contrast between the often submerged longings and the manners of his English subjects makes these intrigues doubly intriguing. Such is their economy that you have to read them twice, at least, to be sure.

Pritchett's characters are more British than the quirky British themselves: take Mrs. Bittell, who "keeps an afternoon" for a young shop clerk "outside her own class"; or the vice-consul who, martyred by eight years' service in the jungle, regards himself as "the only human being in the town." But the heart of the book is contained in a single still moment that impresses itself almost physically on the reader: the image of the amorous septuagenarian of the title story, bird-naked, arms uplifted, poised to dive from the cliff into the icy waters below.

Pritchett—incidentally one of the better literary critics of our day—has gotten every trick in the book down pat. He embodies the tradition of English literature, with a few Russian and French turns thrown in for good measure. The collection evokes Hardy here, Conrad or Greene there. Pritchett is their peer and their student—a preeminent modern master of the realistic style. He can peek and tell with the best of them. His hallmark is the airy gentleness of his touch as he lifts the veils. A sly fox, yes, but also a lover of mankind.

—CAROLE COOK

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A Place to Mix and Mingle

IT IS THE custom of Club Med, that worldwide string of pleasure encampments, to sit guests at tables of eight, catch-as-catch-can. You might end up with an heiress from Paris or a librarian from Paducah, but that's the whole concept. It is a rather enforced version of what has been going on in the Catskill resorts where, since time immemorial, which is to say when the nation's leading comedians were busboys there, the by-word has been "mix and mingle."

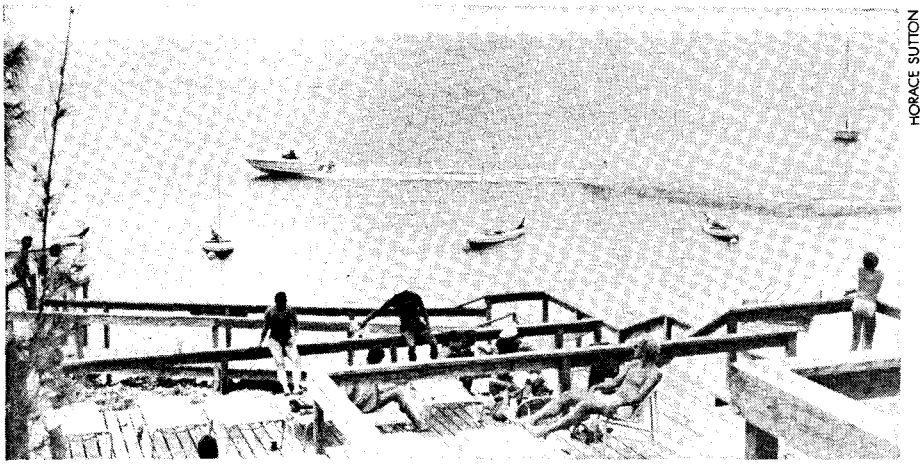
Some have taken that to mean that meal times are an invitation to find the lover of your dreams or even the romance of the week's vacation. That may happen, but the truth is that those who are frequenting Club Med these days are more likely to be interesting people than sex-mad singles with a repertoire of oily lines.

The first night I reported in at the club's brand-new station on the island of Eleuthera in the Bahamas, albeit with two teenagers in tow, I was seated with a fresh-faced family of five. They were not, as one might fancy, just in from a suburb of Miami or a faubourg in Long Island. They were from Kiel, that northern city swept by Baltic breezes. Moreover, only the mother of the flock could speak English. Father was Italian, and the kids bore Spanish names because the family had lived in Bogota.

There is a marvelous assortment of things to talk about with as speckled a clutch of visitors as that, including the state of the nation in Germany, in Italy, as well as in the northern limits of South America. As I recall it, between the soup and the cheese we took in all those milieux and touched on about everywhere else except Glocca Morra. (How things are there I leave to another expedition.)

At other meal times there were French Canadians with whom one could probe the state of the separatist movement in that fractious province. With a young French couple living in Montreal, the same political conundrum could be discussed from another compass point beginning with de Gaulle's famed *cri de coeur* or *faux pas*, depending upon how you view it, *"Vive le Québec libre."*

If one were up on so rarefied a field, there was the state of psychiatric medicine in France to be picked over with a woman psychiatrist from Paris. Or why radiologists are different from other physicians with a doctor from Harrisburg who had been born in Germany,



HORACE SUTTON

The marina at Eleuthera's Club Med— "Barracuda and marlin cadged from fishermen."

leaving with his family three days before Crystal Night and fetching up in Alabama. Unlike Kissinger's, his accent was deep South, and in those soft syllables he described, over a splendid grouper one lunchtime, how with great emotion he had returned to his boyhood home to the very house he had occupied with his family.

Club Med was also a female lawyer who specializes in defending doctors and hospitals in malpractice suits; a gynecologist who emigrated from Argentina; an ear, nose, and throat specialist who once treated the Soviet ambassador to the UN, whose assistants got his name out of the Manhattan phone book. Do I forget the securities analyst from California who passed me tidbits of fiduciary intelligence while we bobbed together in the Bahamian waves? Ah, no, not him.

My mind's eye summons up visions of the handsome, graying psychiatrist from Alabama who spoke not with magnolia accents, but English intonations. He had been a political aide in Rhodesia when, after a sabbatical session at Yale, he had moved to America and remade his life. I recall him and his stylish air as I do the nerd from New York who brought a thirst to kill to the Ping Pong table, a strange place for it, and played for blood while attired in a red bathing costume that would embarrass the designers employed by Bauer and Black. When his Ping Pong paddle was at rest he was in constant disco motion, whether music was playing or not, and so earned the sobriquet of Revolting Travolta.

All this was Club Med in a recent week, the assemblage of guests, or *gentils membres*, as they are quaintly called in Club Med parlance, attended by a polyglot staff who had been gathered from such diverse global corners as Mauritius, Senegal, England, France, Germany, Argentina, Tunisia, the Ivory Coast, Belgium, California, and Hawaii. Separately and together they supervised the sailing at the marina where the Kiel family could often be found. They taught scuba diving to the Harrisburg radiologist, folk dancing to the lady lawyer, disco dancing to the nerd, and tennis to the California securities analyst.

At night this international band of attractive young people staged ambitious shows that, for the most part, are packaged in Paris and dispatched to club stations around the world for local performances. The settings and costuming often bordered on the spectacular. In one memorable sequence, a singer emerged from the fuselage of a Concorde that unfolded on stage; in another, the entire company dressed in gilded formal clothes and toppers became the ensemble of *A Chorus Line*.

Extravaganzas on stage are held on gala nights, usually the end of the week when guests who are signed up for Saturday to Saturday are about to leave—so it is hoped—in a burst of huzzahs. The kitchen conspires and so does the bar. Awards are given out for tournaments, and medals are presented Olympic-style with the winners standing on a three-tiered podium for first, second, and third place. Once the presentations are made the *gentils membres* are invited to attack—sometimes in not so *gentil* fashion—long tables set with cocktails and

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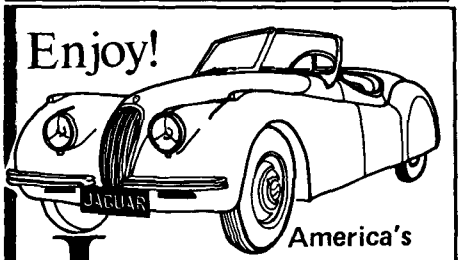

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canapés. The chef with a staff of 39, some of whom are local aides and others staff members, must prepare a dinner for 650 people. A gala means a candlelit dinner served outdoors. A typical one might include a clear consommé, grilled lobster with sauce calypso, filet of beef, artichoke hearts, *pommes de terre à la parisienne*, and a *vacherin* for dessert served with champagne. Eighty bottles of bubbly are popped for the occasion.

The 27-year-old German chef prepared for his Club Med assignment at a six-week course given at Pompadour, the Club Med training center in France. There he learned how to operate the kitchen machinery and how he might deal with local personnel. Menus are planned on a weekly basis and on what is available in the market. Even in the sea-surrounded Bahamas it is difficult to find fish, and on one remembered night, when individual grouper steaks steamed in foil were presented to over 600 guests, the whole bundle of fish had to be imported from Miami, frozen. It was something of an irony that some skin-diving guests had made friends with a grouper who appeared off a reef bordering the immense beach each morning looking for bits of croissants to which it had become addicted.

No fewer than 25 salads are prepared for lunch each day, and three meats sizzle on the grill. Meats come from Miami, too, and cheeses from New York. The fine French cheese available at the club's outposts in Guadeloupe and Martinique are kept out of the Bahamas because of the prohibitive taxes.

The *gentils membres*, should they grow bored with lunch in the dining rooms, can sign up for the midday meal served daily at the marina. There, for a small group, the chefs will grill such tidbits as barracuda and marinated marlin both cadged from sports fishermen.

Between eating, water skiing, sailing, archery, scuba and skin diving, volleyball, basketball, softball, tennis, yoga, and swimming, the *gentils membres* maintain a frenetic schedule. Quiet time comes in the lee of the afternoons when classical music is played out of doors in a setting designed to soothe the senses. I showed up one Schuberty afternoon to find a scattering of athletes in repose, lying on a greensward in the shade of royal palms, poinciana trees, and flowering oleander. The water lilies were beginning to close on the still lagoon and water birds were picking at the hors d'oeuvres—it was cocktail hour, after all—hidden in the reeds. Dragon flies were doing *jetés* to the music, wisps of clouds were floating overhead, and, from the distance, one could hear the shouts from the softball field like some far-off *a cappella* sounding in response to the classical airs welling up from the glen.

—Horace Sutton

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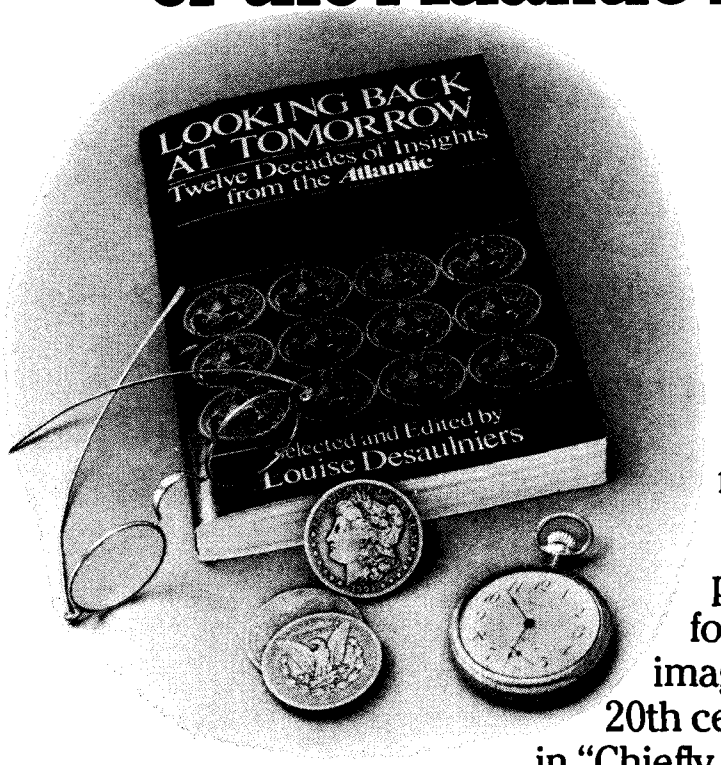

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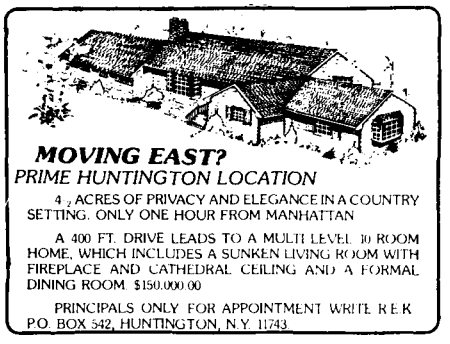

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Wit Twister No. 156

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The famous ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ mutters,
"Mamma mia!"
Her tenor reeks of ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
and sangría.
His golden tones ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
forth on rancid breath;
His stage embrace is like the kiss of
death.
Thick ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of make-up
cannot mask her rage.
She chokes him with his ___ ___ ___ ___
___ , center stage!

Answers next issue

NOVEMBER 24 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 143

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.

Henry Fielding

Wit Twister No. 155

relives, servile, reviles

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 184

EDWARD EDELSON: WHO GOES THERE?

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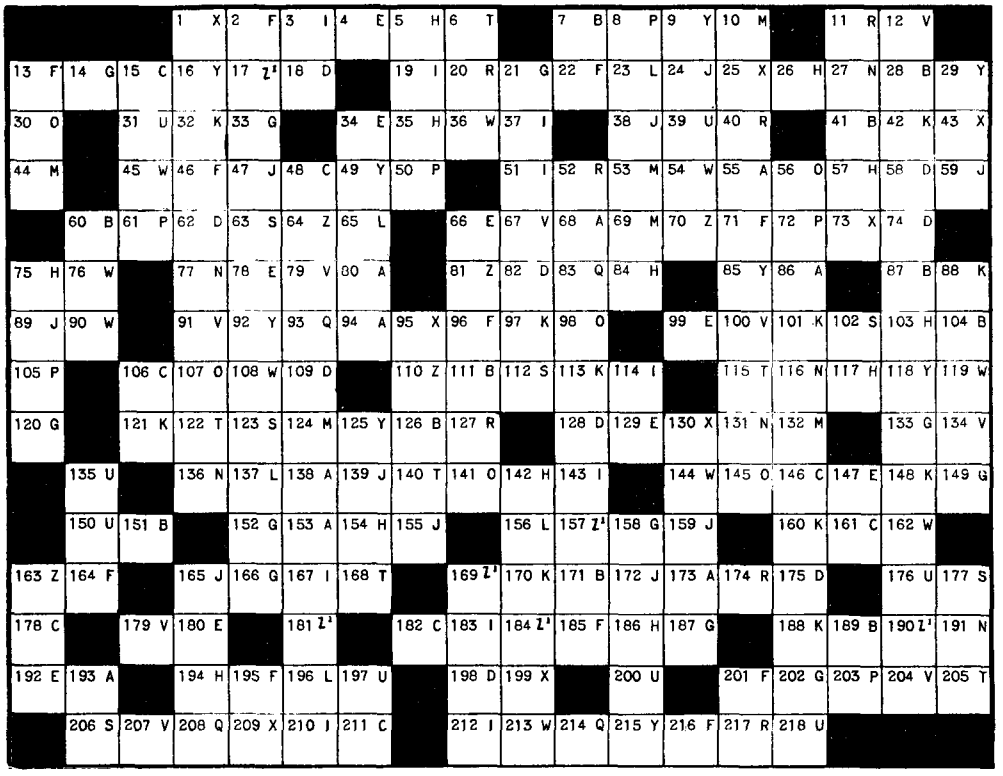
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 185

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 184 appears on page 65.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Capital of North Korea	68 80 86 94 193 138 153 173 55
B. Colorlessness (optics)	60 104 111 126 151 171 189 7 28 41 87
C. Development	178 182 211 15 48 106 146 161
D. Buoyant; gay	18 58 74 109 128 175 198 62 82
E. *Old World bird often kept as a pet*	99 129 147 180 34 66 192 4 78
F. Dictatorial, rudely arrogant	2 22 46 71 164 185 195 201 216 13 96
G. *Considering (4 wds.)*	120 133 152 166 202 21 33 149 158 187 14
H. Potassium, sodium, cesium, etc. (2 wds.)	26 35 84 103 117 142 194 5 57 75 154 186
I. *Fictional American* detective once famous in dime novels (2 wds.)	210 3 19 212 143 167 183 37 51 114
J. Variety of backgammon (comp.)	139 159 172 47 155 165 24 38 59 89
K. Back country	97 113 148 160 170 32 42 88 101 121 188
L. Fundamental spirit of a culture	23 65 137 156 196
M. Canadian football team, for instance	10 44 53 69 124 132
N. Member of the lowest order of nobility in Germany	136 191 27 77 116 131
O. Cozy, ideal for a tête-à-tête	145 30 98 107 141 56
P. Buoyant; gay	203 61 72 105 8 50
Q. Whirlpool	83 93 214 208
R. Married name of English actress Sarah Kemble (1755-1831)	217 11 40 174 20 52 127
S. Indolent; futile	177 102 123 63 206 112
T. Clyde, Tay, and Lorne, for instance	115 205 122 168 140 6
U. Immortality	31 150 218 135 39 200 197 176
V. "And the ___ kiss the sea" (Shelley, "Love's Philosophy")	67 100 179 12 204 79 207 91 134
W. Gives additional or fuller treatment; expands upon	90 144 36 45 119 54 213 108 162 76
X. Alteration	199 130 1 209 25 95 43 73
Y. Sacrificed, as by fire	92 16 49 29 118 9 85 125 215
Z. Sacrifices, losses, penalties	163 70 64 110 81
Z¹. Where you might find toucans and flamingoes	17 157 184 181 169 190

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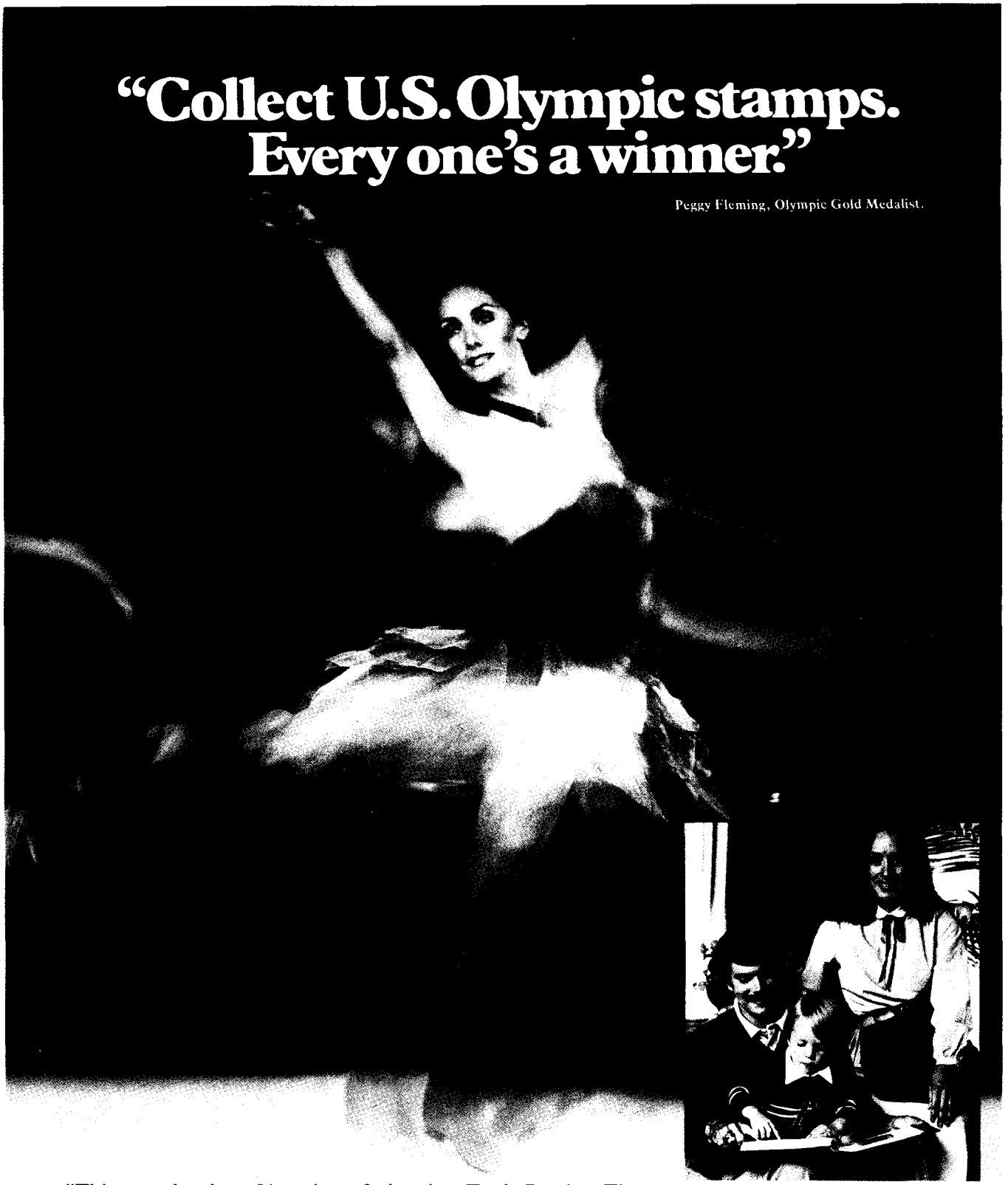
"Collect U.S. Olympic stamps. Every one's a winner."

Peggy Fleming, Olympic Gold Medalist.



"This year, there's an Olympic event everyone can enter," says Olympian Peggy Fleming. "Collecting the 1980 U.S. Olympic Commemorative stamps. They capture all the spirit, drama and excitement of the games."

The complete Olympic series covers a colorful variety of winter and summer events. Skiing. Swimming. Track. Rowing. The Decathlon. And more. And you can get them all at your local Post Office. Collect the whole series.

As Peggy says, "They're a great way to share the excitement of the Olympics with your family."

U.S. Postal Service

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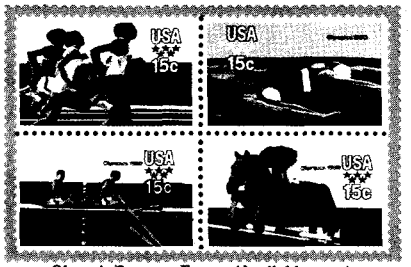

Olympic Summer Events (Available now.)

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THE BACK DOOR

The Drought of Self-Respect

AT THE END of the final game of the World Series, the television cameras ventured into the locker room of the victorious Pittsburgh Pirates to witness the predictable jollity. Standing on what was evidently a narrow, raised platform, sportscaster Don Drysdale interviewed the team's owner, manager, and heroes of the hour. Then, as baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn was about to make a presentation, a smiling President Carter arrived on the crowded platform. Unfortunately, he had nothing in particular to say or do. Awkwardly, the sportscaster continued to interview the players, with Carter looking on, and then even more awkwardly Bowie Kuhn had to reach around the President to present the hefty trophy. Whatever Carter's media mavens had in mind by this stunt did not come off. Millions of Americans squirmed to see their President looking so excruciatingly foolish, out of place, in the way.

Admittedly, this is a small complaint. Despite the best advance work, a candidate, even a president, occasionally can be caught in a clumsy situation. Neither can a citizen criticize Carter too harshly for collapsing during a foot race or for publicly embarrassing himself with as tasteless a wisecrack as the one he made to Mexico's President Portillo about "Montezuma's revenge." Such gaffes happen—but once they happen, they are not forgotten. We recall Lyndon Johnson's display of his abdominal scar, Nixon's closet-cursing, and Ford's bumbling and stumbling with a clarity that the episodes scarcely warrant.

And yet, just as pennies will accumulate into noticeable sums, these trifling moments, added together, begin to create impressions that do make a difference, that affect our attitudes toward our governors and government. We discern connections between such minor impressions and our major concerns. As caricaturist David Levine brilliantly observed, there was a relationship between LBJ's insensitivity toward others in displaying his scar and the numbing insensitivity of our Southeast Asia policy. The private expletives of publicly sanctimonious Nixon came to image the nasty sneakiness of his administration. Carter's increasingly evident genius for acting "un-presidential" underscores our fears that the ship of state lacks a captain. It is a lamentable commentary that President Ford's silly missteps seem somehow endearing compared with those of his predecessors and successor.

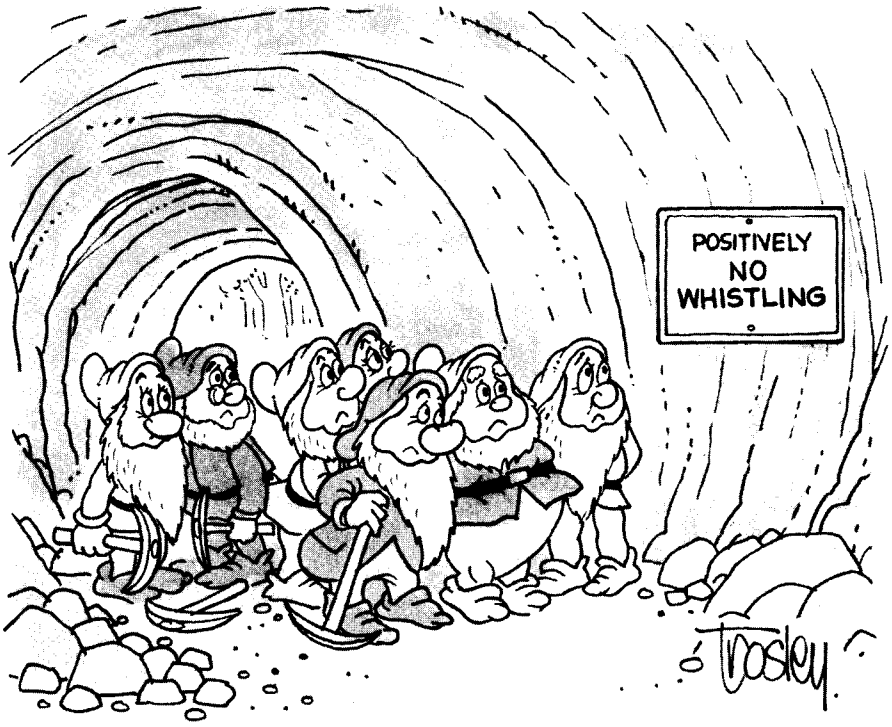
It is this history of undignified presidential behavior that made Carter's World Series strikeout so painful. Lacking royalty, Americans look to their presidents to represent the aspirations of the United States, our noblest characteristics as a people. Indeed, the principal reason we elected Jimmy Carter, about whom we knew little, was his apparent talent for symbolic politics. In that bicentennial year, he somehow embodied what we like to think of as our innate commitment to decency, justice, equality. Millions of hearts, mine included, thrilled to hear him promise us "a government as good as its people." So what if it was flattering rhetoric? After Vietnam and Nixon, our battered self-image needed to be assuaged.

It still does. For ironically, the symbolic politician has become another generous contributor to our lengthening tradition of presidential embarrassments. If Carter is not re-elected, I contend it will not be because he has failed to pass certain legislation or control inflation. It will be because he has not delivered on his central promise to give us a government and a President we can take pride in.

There are those who argue that the President's failure in this regard is not his fault. Some blame the snooping press, which, since Woodward and Bernstein, has been focusing on the wormy underside of public careers: If John Kennedy were President today, the theory goes, we would be fully informed about and repelled by his infidelities to Jackie. Others claim that the fractious selfishness of the American people, the me-firstism that is being reflected in Congress, has made this country "ungovernable" and that therefore no president can look good.

The debate over whether leaders shape the times or the times, the leaders is as old as history itself and—given the number of variables and the impossibility of experimentation—is likely to continue until history's end. My own conviction, which is born quite simply of optimism, is that the right president could have avoided most of Carter's missteps and restored to us a sense of enthusiasm and respect for our country, just as the Pope in a few short months has refurbished the papacy.

Given the volatility of politics, it may be that candidate Carter can regain the affection he has lost as President. But regardless of how each of us votes in 1980, we will all be yearning for a President who can make us feel good about ourselves and end this long drought of self-respect. **—Carll Tucker**



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Technics

From the grandest opera to the Grand Ole Opry. A lot of FM stations play a lot of different music yet still have one thing in common: The need for uncommonly accurate turntables. That's why so many FM stations use Technics direct drive turntables.

That professionals use Technics direct drive turntables is really not surprising. What is, is that now you can get professional performance in Technics quartz-synthesizer MK2 Series: The SL-1800 manual, the SL-1700 semi-automatic and the SL-1600 fully automatic.

Wow & Flutter	Rumble	Speed Accuracy	Start-up Time
0.025% WRMS	78 DIN B	± 0.002%	1/4 rotation

As you can see, they all have impressive performance. But with Technics MK2 Series, you also get impressive advances in electronics. Like a quartz-synthesizer pitch control. As you vary the pitch it's instantaneously displayed by 13 LED's in exact 1% increments. That makes life easy.

So does the SL-1600 MK2's infrared disc-size sensor. Just place a disc on the platter, press the start button and immediately an infrared ray activates the micro-computer. Then the Technics precision gimbal-suspension tonearm automatically sets down in the lead-in groove.

And for double protection against acoustic feedback, Technics precision aluminum diecast base has a double-isolated suspension system. One damps out vibration from the base, the other from the tonearm and platter.

The MK2 Series. You don't have to be a radio station to afford performance good enough for a radio station.

Your next turntable should be as accurate as the ones many radio stations use.

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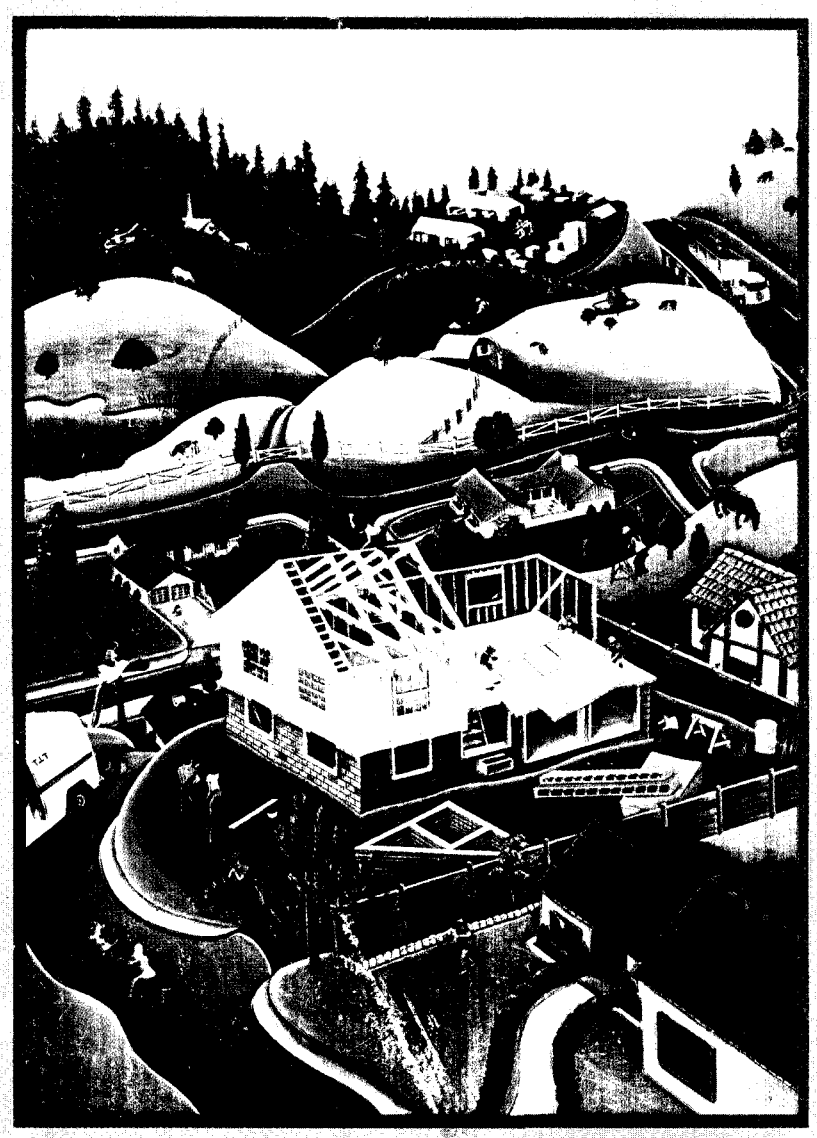
What do you see when you look at a new house?



A new neighbor? A good investment? Fallen trees? It depends on your point-of-view.

We see these things and more: an opportunity to meet society's need for shelter, our employees' for jobs and our shareholders' for performance.

So we manufacture houses, and parts of houses (things like lumber, plywood, cabinets and window frames); and we operate building materials centers through much of the U.S.

We also farm the trees that stand behind these products, and we're able to see clearly that society can have both, if we tend to our forests resourcefully.

So we strive to reconcile your viewpoints, to manage our affairs in a way that provides satisfactory jobs, products, profits and thriving trees.

If we succeed, everybody wins. Reason enough to try, don't you think?

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

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